

# The TATLER

Vol. CLV. No. 2020

London  
March 13, 1940



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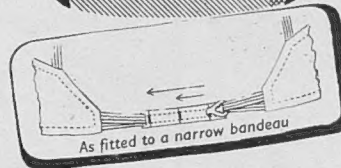
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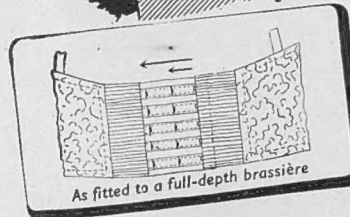
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# The TATTLER

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Vivienne

BEATRICE LILLIE

The latest and also a very attractive portrait of the well-beloved actress who in private life is Lady Peel. She is starring in *All Clear*, the big success at the Queen's Theatre and, as needs not be said, scoring her inevitable and overwhelming personal triumph. Beatrice Lillie gave her services at the first big concert given to the troops in England and since then she has entertained the fighting men no fewer than sixty times. Last night (March 12) she appeared at the Command Performance at the Palace Theatre in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund





AT THE BOOKS FOR THE FORCES  
AND PRISONERS OF WAR LUNCHEON

Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air and Vice-President of the Air Council, Mrs. Reynolds Albertini and Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, at this lunch at the Dorchester in connexion with the Anglo-American Community Chest which is to provide books for the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and prisoners of war in Germany. Captain Balfour was the guest of honour

"How happy could I be with either,  
were t'other dear charmer away."

*The Beggar's Opera.*

LEAVING the heating question of Rumania or Sweden (oil or ore) to our betters, we have to record that the topic which is burning up Young London, and will undoubtedly spread controversial fires over Young England everywhere else, is contained in two names no less mellifluous than Sweden and Rumania, though reserved for the slighter annals of these comfortless times; Esmée and Maxine. The Harmsworth and the Birley are the most spectacular and contrasted beauties since the Poulett and the Whigham burst on a gratified world nine years ago. I shall never forget the first time I saw Margaret, with her enormous eyes and pale masked face, like an enchantress in a poem. She was wearing a tight-fitting dark dress with sequins—much too grown-up—and an air of sophisticated self-possession, belied by her attractive, halting speech. On that night, at Mrs. Wentworth Chetwynd's dance for her younger daughter Joan (now married to archaeologist Kirwan and serving with the W.A.A.F.), everybody talked about Margaret's rare, new beauty. At Queen Charlotte's dinner dance the other night, everybody talked about Maxine Birley and Esmée Harmsworth. The former has much the same colouring as Mrs.



MISS MAXINE BIRLEY

Another of the Maids of Honour at the Queen Charlotte Dinner Dance at Grosvenor House and held with Miss Esmée Harmsworth to have been an outstanding example of English beauty. Both she and Miss Harmsworth are referred to in these notes. Miss Birley is the daughter of Captain Oswald Birley the famous artist, and Mrs. Birley the former Miss Rhoda Pike

## And the World Said—



*Pearl Freeman*

MISS ESMÉE HARMSWORTH

The daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth who was one of the most beautiful débutantes at the Queen Charlotte Dinner Dance at Grosvenor House, some more pictures of which appear on page 351 in this issue. She and Miss Maxine Birley (see picture on left) were, in the opinion of the writer of these notes, the outstanding beauties of the occasion

Sweeny, a pale matt skin and dark brown hair, but she is taller, more imposing. Miss Birley's is a dramatic beauty, her carriage that of a young woman by Sargent. She appears to have inherited the poise of her Irish mother (Rhoda Pike), who, though so picturesque, has led a strictly socialite existence, far removed from the clamour of café society and the stimulating irregularities of Bohemia. Furthermore, Maxine inherits the strongly moulded features of her delightful artist father, who was looking wistful at the dance where fathers showed up well, possibly to prevent their débutantes from proposing to untouchables, it being Leap Year Night. There is something a little pathetic about this emasculated Season in relation to the debs, who must make the best of a few parties. As Mr. Birley remarked, "They are not having the time their mothers had in the last war." You may have read that as Winston ploughed across the ballroom, his débutante on his arm, twelve hundred people cheered, and the band broke into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mrs. Churchill was not only the most beautiful mother present, but also the most elegant with cyclamen embroidery on a resplendent evening dress. A deeper mauve appeared coyly tucked between the godets of Lady Claud Hamilton's hem, and



she too was a credit to her débutante daughter, Pamela Newall, of the nymph figure and wide-set faun eyes. Pam (who is no longer known as "The Rabbit") was wearing a pendant which had belonged to her stepfather's mother, the late Duchess of Abercorn. Several girls wore old-fashioned pendants (Maxine a magnificent cross), while Lady Elizabeth Isaacs had a Victorian dress, and her hair quaintly braided to match. Very few wore make-up; Esmée Harmsworth needs none. Of all the pink and white and blue and gold beauties I have ever seen, hers is the perfect English rose, dewy and lush, with a Junoesque form, and padded Lely shoulders. Withal she is shy and not the least bit pleased with herself—long may this sweetness last! Her father brought her on from a party before the party, given by the Claud Hamiltons at Mrs. "Bertie" Stern's flat, where another father, Brigadier-General Leonard Wheatley, was in rollicking humour—and why not? His débutante is gay, and handsome with lots to say, and a fine head of red hair. Her Australian-born mother was repeating the other mothers' refrain, "Never mind the expense, the girls must have at least one good ball to look back at." Thanks to Mr. Seymour Leslie, and the prevailing mood of "Come what may, we'll set the débutantes on their way," it was a good dance with an intriguing admixture of rabble. The filly who showed the greatest class in the parade turned out to be Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley, third daughter of Lord Wharnclyffe and granddaughter of Lord Fitz-William. Slenderly graceful, and the antithesis of showy, her looks do not make or seek the headlines; they last. As John Benson remarked to me at a ball in the Roaring 'Twenties—that platinum era when the Fighting 'Forties were inconceivable—"X is an attractive girl, and so is Y, but X will be a Noble Ruin and Y won't." Two attractive girls who have not yet consented to marry were in the Hamond-Graemes' party—darkly vivacious Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, surrounded as usual by foreign admirers, and fair Miss Angela Ely, whose partners included Mr. Jack Leigh (a quiet younger son of that bulldog "card," Sir John Leigh) and Mr. Derek Prior, who has successfully fostered Anglo-French cultural relations, aided no doubt by his one hundred per cent "*milord anglais*" appearance. A third belle in this bunch was Lady Kitty Cole, whose soldier partner, Mr. Derek Haig, is not only very rich but makes himself

agreeable. The decorative Mrs. Anthony Stocker (Peta Davis) was with Mrs. Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, for news of whose Anglo-American Pay Party see my stop press, and Clive Brook was with his débutante daughter who made him dance until two-thirty, at least. The chaperones lasted even better than the



harlip  
CAPTAIN ALARIC RUSSELL AND MISS CHARMIAN VAN RAALTE

The wedding is to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on April 6, of Captain Alaric Russell, Queen's Westminster (K.R.R.C.) and second son of the Hon. Sir Odo Russell, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., and Lady Russell, and Charmian, younger daughter of Mr. Noel van Raalte of Bursledon, Hampshire. The bride will be given away by her uncle, Lord Howard de Walden. Captain Russell is a cousin of Lord Amptill

fathers; Lady St. John of Bletso looking incredibly the same as she did fifteen years ago, when her sons by her first marriage were already dancing. The youngest-looking mother of today, Lady Moira Combe, was not present, to my knowledge, but it was at the dance I learnt that Colonel Peter Combe celebrated his fiftieth birthday by breaking his ankle on a visit to their son at Eton. His pals have been rolling up for bezique. The rage for games of chance, principally bridge, is a feature of this hitherto featureless war. Gambling parties happen almost every night, and the bridge clubs are booming. Not knowing a knave from a king, I can only tell you that numerous smartees go to the Hamilton, where they can get a high game, others to the United Hunts opposite the I.S.C., and a great many "perfect dears" to the Stafford-Northcote where the food is A 1 and the play anything but formidable. A lot of people play there who ought not to play at all. Personally, I would sooner wile idleness addressing envelopes for the Finland Fund, or any such endeavour, than be cooped with three probably irritating minds, and the inevitability of my own mistakes. But the bridge players still have an incontestable right to drone democracy's time away. Lord Horne of Slamannan has decided to stop wasting some of his own. When war broke out he removed to his sister's near Guildford. The safe six months having expired, "oor Bertie" incautiously returned to Arlington House, where, among his neighbours, is one of the most popular bridge-club women—Lady Edelston—who for some years lived in India, where you have to play bridge or lose face.

Bassano  
MISS SUSAN WILLIAMS

One of the attractive débutantes of this restricted season is Miss Susan Eleanor Williams, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Rhys and Lady Williams of Miskin Manor, Llantrisant, Glamorgan. Lady Williams is the daughter of Mrs. Clayton Glyn, who is better known as Elinor Glyn, the famous novelist

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Every face at Miss Christina Foyle's Secret Service Luncheon was turned expectantly towards Sir Paul Dukes when that legendary secret agent rose to the microphone, having flown in via Amsterdam an hour before, on his return from Finland.



ANGLO-AMERICAN LUNCHEON

Guests at the luncheon given at the Dorchester last week by Mrs. Reynolds Albertini for the Anglo-American Community Chest were Mrs. Harold Balfour, wife of the Under-Secretary of State for Air, and Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig, ex-Scottish Rugger International and Chairman of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club and tennis coach of H.M. the King. Captain Harold Balfour was one of the principal speakers at this function



## And the World said—(continued)

During his thrilling *resumé* from the still frozen north, his fervent conviction and quiet manner held that critical audience, largely composed of professional writers, as only Mr. Churchill has held thinking people since the war. Sir Paul is both deeply religious and a doer, capable of inspiring the most hardheaded and the shallowest of his listeners with the vision of Christendom fighting for its life—our way of life—against the scarlet hordes. What a contrast from the platitudinous pallor of the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech at the Mansion House meeting for Finland, where it was all I could do to stay awake by focusing on Lady Alexander's rhododendron hat. But Sir Paul's facts, and the interpretation he put on them, went over as persuasively as machine gun fire. The Press scribbled gleefully (something to say at last) and the paying guests listened avidly—something to talk about afterwards. Among them was Robert Montgomery, straining to catch each syllable, with an expression of exaltation he never wears on the screen. We were all lifted sky-high out of ourselves. Thank you Miss Foyle! I had the

bad manners to leave before the next speaker provided the inevitable anti-climax. Among about four hundred who saw it through were Lady Ravensdale, Lady Chichester with Kathleen Lady Domville, Major David Burt-Marshall, the Nevinsons *père et fils*, the Dennis Wheatleys and Miss Flora Drummond who made her name as a suffragette in an age which seems as remote as the Regency. The Wheatleys and her second son, "Jack" Younger, turned up again at what proved the best and biggest cocktail party given by an engaged couple since the war. The place was the Carlton (which took the elders back to the last war), and the pair were Mr. George Maxwell, and Miss Peggy Bishop. Their respective mothers Mrs. Wellwood Maxwell from Northamptonshire, and Mrs. A. L. Savory, helped to receive a selection of Household Brigade, including "Jimmy" Ford, Hugh Smiley, Jimmy Hennessy, Ralph Pilcher (with his sister Nadine in a hat like a hedgehog of ribbon), A. N. Boyd (with his pretty young bride) and S. E. H. Baillie. Though the bridegroom's father, Admiral Maxwell, could not get leave from the east coast port over which he presides, the Royal Navy was represented by Vice-Admiral R. N. James, Admiral E. K. Boddam-Whetham and Midshipman A. M. B. Buxton who had a long talk with Denis Mackail's daughter, one of last year's debs. Captain E. G. C. Cavendish of the Wavy Navy, passed the time of evening with his sister's brother-in-law, Sir Walter Maxwell, and with Lady Airlie and her always charming sister Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton who is missing her Swiss. Lady (Charles) Royds

(without Minna Mary), Lady (Percy) Royds with Annette, and Lady Rotherwick with Molly Cayzer, found suitably assorted *beaux*. Pretty girls included Miss "Sue" Sutherland with *fiancé*, and Miss Sonia Denison in the prevailing pale blue. There was a great deal of light grey at a big morning dress show in Grosvenor Street, where Teddy Tinling, ex-Wimbledon official, was putting ladies in their places. Jack Lysaght, Joan Ingram and Mrs. Peters, all late of Wimbledon, supported him; alarmed at being the only man, Jack developed centre court nerves. Onlookers included Lady Patricia Latham, Mrs. Rex Harrison, Mrs. Fergus Forbes with Lady Ursula Stewart, and among the older guard Mrs. Bruce Ismay gossiping with her sister-in-law Mrs. Geoffrey Drage, and Lady (Andrew) Duncan, of the nice Scotch voice, seated opposite Lady Ilchester. The clothes were well received, and at least one of the mannequins, Mrs Paul Richey, is a new glamour girl, trained in Paris. The stage glamour girl Miki Hood (seen lunching out with "Bobby" Loewenstein) was much in evidence at Hilton Philipson's little cocktail party at Jules Hotel, where friends included the Percy Lawson-Johnstons, the "Jim" Lawrences (as they now

are), the Carroll Gibbons, Henry Horne, Mrs. Hélène Taylor and the host's cousin-by-marriage Monica Murray-Philipson.

\* \* \*

The work of the Anglo-American Community Chest, which has sent 10,000 new books and some 2,000 magazines to the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., up to date, plus a book to each British prisoner of war in Germany became known to the Press at an oyster to *glace praliné* luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, of White Lodge, Richmond, at the Dorchester, where she is helping Lady Clarke and American-born Mrs. Warren Pearl with a supper-dance for the same attractive object on April 11. All sorts are bringing parties, including several mothers of *débutantes*. But to return to the lunch, Mr. Lawrence Tweedy of the American Chamber of Commerce, and that unique matriarch Mrs. Pearl made decidedly un-neutral speeches after Captain Harold Balfour and Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare had thanked for the R.A.F., and the Royal Navy respectively. Mrs. Balfour ("Di" Harvey) who is house-hunting in London, made a rare appearance in public and obviously enjoyed the company of Sir Louis Greig (again in uniform), whose wife was there, as was the wife of Major-General H. R. Pownall, of Lord Gort's staff. She came with Mrs. Shakespeare, whose small son's rhyme, received that morning, provided her husband with his peroration:

"My U-boats are under the ocean,  
My *Graf Spee* is under the sea,  
Hitler is in a commotion,  
Oh! don't mention Winston to me."



Marcus Adams

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET—FIRST OF THE MARGARETS

Under the Presidency of H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester and the auspices of the Scottish National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, a "Margarets' Fund" has been initiated with the worthy object of providing for the comfort of those on active service. Through the gracious permission of Her Majesty The Queen, H.R.H. Princess Margaret has become the first contributor to this fund and women who bear that name all over the world are hastening to follow her example by their own contributions and by organizing committees to further the fund. While it is emphasized that contributions and help are by no means restricted to those who bear the name of Margaret and that this should be the starting point of a women's united effort, it would be a particularly happy idea if every woman with a daughter called Margaret should regard the work of the fund as especially her own and should thus follow a fine royal example. Headquarters of the fund, to which contributions should be sent are at 10 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh





AT GATWICK: LORD HARTINGTON, MRS. MARY DE TRAFFORD AND MR. JAMES BOWES-LYON

# AMONGST THOSE PRESENT AT GATWICK AND FONTWELL



THE HON. EDWARD AND LADY KATHERINE BIGHAM



MR. CHARLES AND LADY IRENE CRAWFURD AND MR. H. J. LEVESON-GOWER



AT FONTWELL: MISS D. HILDER, MRS. R. E. MAXWELL AND MAJOR R. E. BARCLAY



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK



LADY HOPETOUN, LADY TICHBORNE AND LADY ISABEL GUINNESS

Horses for the Forces is what every race meeting ought to be called at this moment for they are more like a parade ground than anything else and Gatwick and Fontwell bear this out. As regards Gatwick, the big item was the victory of Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar in the National Trial 'Chase, 3½ miles about; now he is well backed for the National! Good luck to the gallant owner! And as regards Fontwell it is not very often that the senior duke and his duchess are in the owners' list on the same day. His Grace had Parson's Spring, third in the Beaumont Cup, won by the all-conquering Mr. "Kim" Muir's Away, and Her Grace's Ticca Gari was much expected in the Cowdray Hurdle Race but got beaten a length by Nitakrit II. As to the many warriors in war paint, the Brigade of Guards supplied a good few of them. Lord Hartington, the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir, and Mr. James Bowes-Lyon were a brace; The Hon. Edward Bigham who married Lord Lansdowne's elder sister, another; and there is yet another in the group with Mr. Charles and Lady Irene Crawford, who is Lord and Lady Camden's elder daughter. The younger generation in *Debrett* was, as will be noted, most attractively represented in the right-hand bottom picture. Lady Isabel Guinness is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and married Mr. Loel Guinness in 1936. Lady Hopetoun is the daughter-in-law of the Viceroy of India, and Lady Tichborne a daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Country and Town

"ALL coons look alike to me" went a song of my youth. Similarly, I say all film stars look alike to me. When anybody points it out to me, I can, of course, see the difference between, say, Mr. Clark Gable and Mr. Gary Cooper. Or between, say, Miss Claudette Colbert and Miss Sylvia Sydney. Both actors wear the same padded shoulders, the same rough manners, and the same diamond-shaped hearts. Both actresses wear the same make-up, and with charming accord both personalities vanish behind the same cream. I think I have said it before, and have no hesitation in saying again, that broadly speaking I have never been able to tell one picture director from another. It is just the same in the theatre. If I read in my programme "Sir Gregory Gosling's Library" and the curtain goes up on a set of *The Forsyte Saga* and the sound of a barrel-organ two streets away coming through the open window—why then, I dimly suspect Mr. Basil Dean. If, on the other hand, my programme says "Lodgings at Mrs. Gusset's, Shore Road, Porthampton" and the curtain goes up on a frowsty assemblage of theatrical photographs and unwashed crockery—why then, I recognize the all-observing producer's eye of Miss Irene Hentschel. So it is with film directors. If I see a Paris street with the houses at an angle unknown even in Pisa, then I vaguely surmise René Clair. If, on the other hand, I see and hear a young woman with a Muswell Hill accent yodelling in a barouche drawn by white horses through the streets of Old Vienna, I hazard a guess at Ernst Lubitsch. But how to distinguish the several productions of Pablo Pbf from those of Umberto Umph has always eluded me. In other words, I bring to every new film a state of mind which can only be described as virginal. I am all rapt expectancy. I look forward to seeing incredible He's and impossible She's winning through travail to a heliotrope bliss in which cold mutton is never mentioned. And I as little know who the players are as the old ladies with whom Brighton, Bognor and Broadstairs bulge know who are the authors of the novels over which they sleep. If, then, I am able to give a more or less documented account of the films I have seen this week, it is because I was accompanied by a film fan to whom Hollywood's personalities are an open book.

Spending the weekend at a watering place on the south coast, I looked in at a cinema to see what sort of films watering places in the off-season are favoured with. When I say "looked in," I mean to say that with extraordinary difficulty I obtained the last two seats in an immense and crowded house. What the film was called, I do not know. What I do know is that it was made up of exactly the same kind of pabulum which feeds the West End maw. It began with Miss Carole Lombard fishing—and if it was not Miss Lombard, blame not me but my friend! Presently, Mr. Cary Grant appeared on a horse, and all three had lunch. Now it appeared that Miss Lombard was a widow with a daughter aged six and that Mr. Grant was tied up with a Miss Kay Francis, a beautiful snake who, while loathing the millionaire Mr. Grant, had married him for his money. Would Miss Francis divorce Mr. Grant and enable him to marry Miss Lombard? No, because Miss Francis wanted not alimony but the whole of Mr. Grant's millions and those of his papa as well! Then, Mr. Grant doing a bit of threatening, Miss Francis grew really nasty, saying that if there was any question of proceedings by anybody she would put in the witness box little Miss Lombard, aged six as aforesaid. Whereupon Mr. Grant shuddered, and Miss Lombard shuddered, and all Hollywood shuddered, and the parents of every brat in Bognor shuddered. And then Mr. Grant got pneumonia, and the oxygen tent was removed in order to permit Miss Lombard to poultice Mr. Grant with her tresses. And Mr. Grant, Senior, turned Miss Francis into the night, and finally, in the rôle of a specialist, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch—whom I recognized if my friend didn't!—appeared from nowhere and said oracularly that everything was now going to be all right. And Mr. Grant said he felt better already, and



ISA MIRANDA AND GEORGE BRENT  
IN "ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS"

This new Paramount picture opened its London adventures at the Plaza on the 8th of this month, and any one fond of a stirring story of diamond stealing, presumably from Kimberley, will get value for money. Isa Miranda plays one of the gang who, however, eventually helps to bring the villains to justice, and George Brent plays Captain Stephen Dennell, an air force pilot

Miss Lombard removed her poultice, and the oxygen tent was put back, and the audience crept out of the cinema on tiptoe fearful of rousing Mr. Grant from the first sleep he had had in weeks.

This bosh lasted two hours, and I say it in all solemnity that they were two enthralling hours. For this is the compelling power of the screen that, unlike the theatre, it can never be wholly dull.

Returning to London, I saw two films which made me wonder whether Hollywood is not running short of thematic material. Both were at the London Pavilion, and the first was entitled *I Stole a Million*. This began with Mr. George Raft trying to make good as a taxi driver, and I was at once forcibly reminded of *The Roaring Twenties*, in which, last week, I saw Mr. Cagney also trying to make good as a taxi driver. That these two taxi drivers do so from different motives is not the point. The point is that both through their inability to earn a respectable living are forced into crime. Mr. Raft is an admirable actor whom I can recognize without assistance, and on the strength of his beautiful performance in *Scarface*, a film about which my memory needs no jogging. In the present film he is assisted by Miss Claire Trevor, who appears to be far more intelligent than most film actresses and even to have glimmerings of the art of acting.

*Legion of Lost Flyers*, which followed, is another of those films about a mountain range and a tiny airport run by discredited flyers one of whom atones! Except that in this case he didn't really have anything to atone for. Too repetitive by far, and not as good as the last one on the same topic!

And then I wound up the week at Studio One with a new French film called *Le Voleur de Femmes*. The first part of this allowed M. Jules Berry, as a *souteneur* and black-mailer, to give a performance of extraordinary reality. The second part, I must confess, evoked the titters of an audience unused to the drama of marital fidelity as expounded by that dashing Parisian actor, M. André Brulé, and any leading lady!

Somehow or other, I seem to have overlooked any particular mention of *The Roaring Twenties* which is still, at the moment of writing, to be seen at the Warner. Mr. Cagney's impulsive fists are busy throughout this ripe and lusty melodrama, and if you like your tea strong and not very sweet, this film is exactly your cup of tea.

J. A.



# AT "LUCKY JIM" LAWRENCE'S WEDDING RECEPTION



MR. AND MRS. JOHN PURBRICK  
AT THE DORCHESTER



MR. AND MRS. "JIM" LAWRENCE  
(NÉE MISS ELIZABETH CORCORAN)  
WITH MR. C. B. COCHRAN



MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS  
AND MRS. "DICKIE" THORNTON



MRS. CEDRIC KEHOE (IRIS MARCH) AND  
LIEUT.-COL. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON



TWO VERY WELL-KNOWN  
MRS. SCUDAMORE AND MRS. HILL



LORD AND LADY  
HOWLAND TOAST THE BRIDE

Most people will agree that Mr. Walter Woollard Lawrence now more than ever before deserves to be called "Lucky Jim," and the pictures on this page, taken at the wedding reception at the Dorchester, supply the reason. The wedding was at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption in Warwick Street, and the very charming bride was Miss Elizabeth Corcoran who has understudied Gertrude Lawrence in many productions and acted as "Chief Announcer" in Mr. C. B. Cochran's revue *Follow the Sun*, hence "C.B.'s" doing a bit in the way of a return at her wedding. "Lucky Jim" Lawrence, son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, was the sole survivor in the appalling air crash in America in which Lord and Lady Plunket lost their lives, and he has had many adventures also as a Cresta "jockey." In this latter connexion Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon rings a bell of memories of happier times as he is a famous figure at St. Moritz. Mrs. Kehoe, in stageland Iris March, was in one or two stage shows with the bride, and as we all know is a very charming young actress. Lord and Lady Howland, Lord and Lady Tavistock's son and daughter-in-law, were making a final London appearance together as he goes soldiering very shortly. Lady Howland gave birth to a future Duke of Bedford in the last week of January. Both Mrs. de Winton Wills and Mrs. "Dickie" Thornton's husbands are away on this "sodgering" business. Mr. Edward de Winton Wills, who is a guardsman, is Sir Ernest Wills's son and heir, and Mrs. Hill, in one of the bottom pictures with Mrs. Scudamore who is the Hon. Peter Graves's mother, he being in Ivor Novello's new show, but only for a short time as he is due for service with the Fleet Air Arm quite soon. Mrs. Scudamore was formerly the charming actress Miss Elsie Scott



# Racing Ragout

By "REGULAR"

**A** MAN with whom I have singularly little in common is Mr. H. H. Martin, secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, who is preparing to waste Parliament's time in an endeavour to close our cinemas on a Sunday. In these days a commanding officer who wishes to have the cinemas made available for his men on the Sabbath applies to the local authorities, and if the latter agree, they obtain an order from the Home Secretary. Mr. Martin, whom I've never met and don't want to meet, says that this is all wrong and unconstitutional. He does not, however, give any reasons for his objection to this little innocent diversion of an evening, neither does he put forward any constructive suggestion as to what the men should do if Mr. Martin had his way. As a platoon commander in a manufacturing area which is packed with troops, I can tell Mr. Martin what they *would* do, especially when the weather gets warmer, and if he still thinks we ought to close the pictures I can only come to the conclusion that he's a naughty old man. Which reminds me that in less than three months' time we can be expecting the first crop of war babies. Some of the lads were quicker out of the gate than Gordon Richards, while one or two, I understand, even forestalled the starter. Harking back to Mr. Martin, the best joke played on him was that of the Princess Pavlovsky in the days when she was Lady Mary Lygon, who joined the society on behalf of her one-eyed Pekinese, Mr. Grainger. Every week Mr. Grainger used to receive the society's "blurb" of one kind and another, and I believe was once asked to address a meeting. Mr. Martin pulls out the old line about the Continental Sunday, which always makes me want to rise to my feet and utter the two most shocking words I know. By the way, I find that the soldiers' vocabulary is just as limited as it was in the last war, but up here in the north where I'm stationed they pronounce their favourite words as if they contained three O's. Says Mr. Martin, "Sunday cinema opening is a step on the down grade. We will fall into the demoralizing evils of the Continental Sunday. If we allow this to pass, it will mean that the British Empire will go the same way as the empires of Roman Carthage and Greece." After a brief interval for nausea, I will make so bold as to ask Mr. Martin what exactly is wrong with the Continental Sunday. Personally, I have always found it so infinitely preferable to the English variety that in peace time I used to "beetle" off to Paris every weekend I could raise sufficient "ready," and when I saw the smiling faces in the Bois on their way to Longchamps or Auteuil I compared them not unfavourably with the hang-dog looks of the crowds in Hyde Park, waiting for the cinemas and pubs to open. Mr. Martin probably hasn't thought this article, as far as it's gone, to be exactly the cat's pyjamas; but he's going to like still less what I am going to say. I'm sorry, Mr. Martin, but you can't like it less than I liked your statement to the reporter of a Sunday newspaper.

Racing is being carried out in the face of the greatest difficulties, and unless Mr. Sumner Welles is a better man than I am Gunga Din, these difficulties will go on increasing as the years roll by and I celebrate my jubilee as a second lieutenant. The chief snag, as I wrote last week, is the transport difficulty, and there is also a strong objection to holding race meetings in manufacturing districts on working days. Why not, then, have race meetings on Sundays? The normal railway traffic on these days is comparatively small, and a few race specials and extra horse boxes on the line would not inconvenience any one. Secondly, it would give those of us who are working damned hard six days a week a chance of a day's racing. Even in peace time I have long advocated Sunday racing, and I was certainly not speaking from my own point of view. Normally, I raced six days a week, and my

Sundays away from a race-course were precious days; but I know of hundreds of stay-at-home backers, men and women with a real working knowledge of racing, who had never been on a race-course simply because they couldn't get away from their work in time on a Saturday. I hope I shall live to see the day when racing will take place in Hyde Park on a Sunday just as it does at Longchamps and Auteuil. Far be it from, however, to compete with those



MR. H. L. EGAN, OWNER OF JACK CHAUCER, WITH HIS JOCKEY

"The Tout" got this picture on the day the young Irish sportsman's good 'chaser Jack Chaucer won the Red Cross Steeplechase at Leopardstown. By an error in a "luggage label" Mr. Egan's name appeared in a recent issue under a picture by "The Tout" of Commander Archie Courage



Truman Howell

MR. R. E. MOREL HAD A DAY OUT AT LUDLOW

The stable brought off a 186 to 1 double. With Mr. Morel's Alacrity 100 to 6, and his daughter's (Mrs. G. R. Lewis's) Sincerity 10 to 1, winning the Onibury Novices' Chase, and the Leominster Hurdle Race, both trained by father

A lot more pictures of Ludlow appear on the opposite page

delightful services which are such a feature of a London Sunday, when during the morning you will be entertained exclusively by our old friends the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Red Dean, the Bishop of Birmingham, and who knows, perhaps Mr. Martin himself. In the afternoon they would hand over to Bishop Gordon Richards and the Very Reverend Charlie Smirke. I would even go so far as to admit any one half-price to my Hyde Park race-course who could produce a signed chit from the verger to say he'd been to church. I can't say fairer than that can I, Mr. Martin? Marching back to my billet in an exhausted state after an abortive attempt to capture a coal mine complete with slag heap from a mythical but nevertheless relentless enemy, I read on a poster, "Veteran Jockey's Splendid Feat." King's regulations do not permit of one's reading the racing news when in command of one's platoon, so I returned home without being able to satisfy my curiosity as to the identity of the veteran or the nature of his feat. At an early hour, I retired to bed and dreamed that I saw Captain Percy Whitaker ride the winner of the National. When over fifty years of age, Percy Whitaker won the Champion Chase on Silvo; but that's fourteen or fifteen years ago, so I think my dream is unlikely to come true, but I'd love to see him train Under Bid to win it for Lord Derby and Captain Humphrey de Trafford.

Q. G.





LIEUT.-COLONEL FULKE WALWYN AND  
CAPTAIN AND MRS. UVEDALE CORBETT

## LUDLOW 'CHASES AND FRIENDS



LORD AND LADY HEREFORD  
CAME FROM HAMPTON COURT



MR. AND MRS. R. HOARE  
AND MISS GILL MUIR



LIEUT.-COLONEL G. WINDSOR-CLIVE, M.P.,  
AND MISS WINDSOR-CLIVE



TROOPER AND MRS. T. HANBURY,  
HE BEING IN THE "TINS"



LADY CLIVE WITH  
LORD ACTON

Good fields, plenty of quality, and Mr. "Kim" Muir's Gowran Ranger, the Newbury unfortunate, coming home in front right side up this time were some of the main features of the day when these pictures were taken. The Muir colours were well in evidence. For the owner's sister—who looks after the stable, he being a serving soldier—see above with Mr. and Mrs. Hoare. Not only did Gowran Ranger win the long-distance 'chase on the card, but the same owner's Tweed II. won a hurdle race. Mr. Muir got up on his own Away, his Grand National entry, in the Wrekin 'Chase and finished fourth. The distance was only two miles and the fences not Aintree ones, so here's hoping. Away won over a long journey next time out at Fontwell. Trooper Hanbury was Gowran Ranger's most unlucky but very excellent pilot. Colonel Fulke Walwyn (see top) is father of Fulke, famous ex-G.R. and good trainer now soldiering. Lord Clive, whose wife is in the picture with Lord Acton, is Lord Powis's son and heir and a direct descendant of Clive of India. Lord Hereford's Hampton Court is at Leominster, not far from the course, and not at Cardinal Wolsey's château on the Thames. He used to be in a battalion of the S.W.B. (24th); and lastly, Colonel Windsor-Clive, who brought his pretty daughter, is the Member for Ludlow and was formerly a Coldstream Guard



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The world-renowned author and dramatist snapped at the *March of Time* party at the Dorchester, which was in aid of the Finnish Relief Fund, when a film all about Finland was shown. Mr. Somerset Maugham is a brother of Lord Maugham, the ex-Lord Chancellor

in the midst of a mass of hideous-looking villas, mostly in rows, new factories and advertisement hoardings. I always looked out for this charming old house as I travelled on my way westward, and for some years I wondered why, even in its now horrid situation, it was never occupied. It could have been made into such a lovely home again; while the garden was large enough to keep the sight of progress at bay, if only the hedge were high enough. In any case, on one side there stood the old church, and a really old church is always lovely to look at. But as the years passed and the house still stood unoccupied and the church began more and more to fall into decay, I realised that sooner or later both were doomed.

Presently the beautifully mellowed old tiled roof of the house began to fall in. Then the windows—charming bay-windows that Jane Austen's heroines might have looked through—began to lose even their broken panes and to sink into greater decay. The old church, as if a companion in the other's misery, became more and more ruinous. Yet still I loved their beauty in dilapidation, and never I passed that way but I watched out to see these two poor derelicts from another and more graceful age; from another and less vulgarity-bound world. There came a time, however, when I did not see them for nearly two years, and when next I leaned out of the window to catch a sight of them the disappointment and shock were quite personal. Never have I seen any lovely old house seemingly so to *shriek* in its agony of decay! It was as if a corpse had been disinterred to show the horror of its advanced mortification. It was almost terrifying. The old church had "died" more rapidly. Only its

## History of a Great Family.

**S**OON after the train leaves Southampton Central Station on its way to Bournemouth, there is to be seen on the right-hand side of the railway track what once must have been an enchanting eighteenth-century rectory, standing within the shadow of an old church. Once upon a time it was surely right in the country, but progress now surrounds it and at present it stands

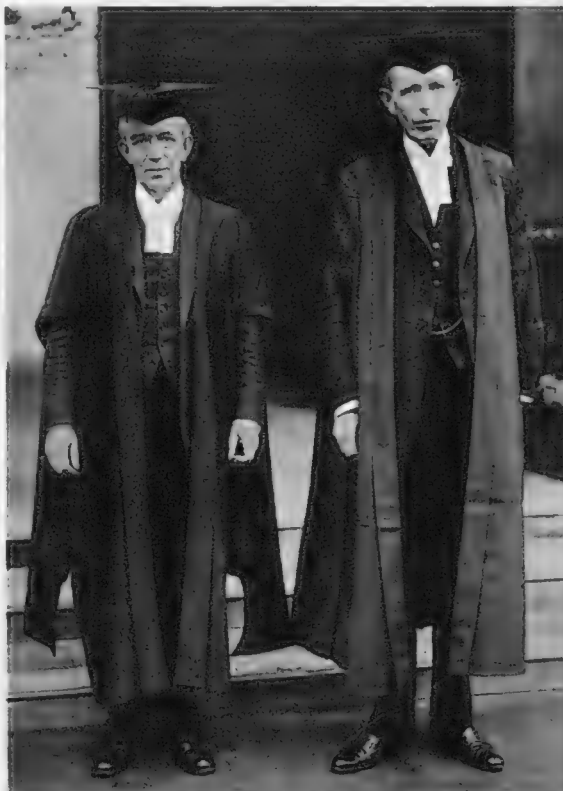
outer walls remained, its tiny graveyard, its few, forgotten graves. The stillness of death had descended upon it. But its beautiful eighteenth-century companion still had flesh clinging on its bones. I have seen many old houses which were sinking rapidly into decay, and always it has filled me with sadness, but never one which seemed to cry more painfully its dying agony to the world.

Now, happily, it has passed this stage. It is just a ruin, around which progress sprawls right up to its garden walls. Just a lifeless husk—a once lovely, now an utterly derelict thing; like a dead bird by the roadside. Often I have wanted to know the history of that old house—a house whose enchanting architecture presupposed that it was built to be loved and lived in. Who owns it? Why, even in these days, was it allowed to go into decay? And why, since they have built the usually hideous modern church near by, was this beautiful old one allowed to fall into ruin? Together they must once have presented a glimpse of loveliness which, one would have thought, someone might have preserved for their charm alone!

But it was not to be. At any moment now they may vanish altogether; leaving behind them only the tender memory of those who, like myself, found them beautiful even amid all their present-day disorder. It seems to be so sad; as sad as inevitability where lovely things are concerned always is. The good and the bad wiped off the slate by time, as if both were equally ignoble. Yet if only old houses could talk I would not read another novel, nor want to listen to the jabber of acquaintances again. But a house has to be very famous for its history to be related, and a family very great for its record to be worthy of attention. Nevertheless, the long history of any family is interesting, if only for its story of the strange vicissitudes of the march of time.

It is doubly interesting when it deals with a family of egoists and eccentrics, as Mr. Bernard Falk has dealt with one of these families in his delightful book "*The Naughty Seymours*," (Hutchinson; 18s.). According to the morals of the period in which most of the representatives of the Seymour family live in this book, they were not particularly naughty; neither, however, were they bad. They were just rich and self-willed, and arrogant and unmoral. But they were characters—each one of them. Had they belonged to a family less rich and famous, they might have been considered "cards." And they were a law unto themselves; with the consequence that each quarrelled with the other. An even keel and a passive temper were not in their psychological make-up. But though they were self-willed and lawless, they were not evil. Their greatest crime was that, though they drew their immense fortune in England, they mostly spent it in Paris. But they did everything in style, including illegitimate children. In fact, so many illegitimate children abound in the chronicle and seem to have had most of the privileges of the legitimate, that at times their various relationships in this entertaining family history are somewhat difficult to remember. But Lady Tichborne—"heroine" of the famous Tichborne case—brought to rather an ignominious end her own branch of the family.

According to Mr. Falk, this unpleasant old lady was the illegitimate daughter of Henry Seymour; the result of early Parisian wild



LORD HALIFAX AND PROFESSOR G. S. GORDON

At the Sheldonian Theatre at the time Lord Halifax made that wonderful speech, which has been lauded in every land bar one, on "*The Challenge to Liberty*." Lord Halifax is Chancellor of Oxford University, and Professor Gordon is the Vice-Chancellor. After what we have heard in a broadcast about education in Germany, it would be a good thing if everyone re-read Lord Halifax's speech

(Continued on page 344)





"THE LAST HOPE OF THE WORLD"

This beautiful carving of the head of Christ is the work of an unknown artist, and is owned by John Erith, F.Inst.B.P., F.R.P.S., who took this photograph specially for "The Tatler"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

oats before he married so happily and settled down. Yet through her mother she was blood relation of the Bourbon Contis. She was brought up, however, by her father with his legitimate children and treated in the same fashion. In her youth she was accounted pretty: she was certainly a flirt. But marriage did not seem to materialise, and so, when she followed her father's advice and married a less-important member of the Tichborne family who, however, was years older than herself, that was considered to be a very good arrangement. All except, as it turned out, for her husband! Henriette Félicity Seymour seemed to have inherited all the exasperating characteristics of the Seymour family with little of their charm—a charm you have to acknowledge, even though you begrudge your admiration. Actually, I suppose, she was a pathological case; but that didn't make it any easier for her husband. His domestic suffering must have been terrific. Yet they had been married more than twenty years before, as a worm, he turned. His turning coincided with his unexpected inheritance of the rich Tichborne property. It was then, however, too late. He died within a few years, and immediately fate placed in Lady Tichborne's hands the wherewithal to exasperate his family.

The famous Tichborne case, which cost the family £90,000 in costs before the 26-stone pretender was finally proved to be the fraud he was, is still so well known that it is not necessary for me to go over the ground again. Indeed, Mr. Falk only skims its main points. He has concentrated on a marvellously detailed character-sketch of Lady Tichborne, whose insane gullibility caused all the trouble. The drama brings to a close a thoroughly interesting and entertaining family history, which the author has retold delightfully and with a wealth of authentic details which is almost staggering. Indeed, it is as thoroughly enjoyable to read as his earlier book, "Old Q's Daughter," of which this one is a blood relation, so to speak.

#### The Evil Tentacles of German Propaganda.

Mr. Vernon McKenzie's book, "Here Lies Goebbels" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is not a book likely to be popular in Germany. It is not likely to be popular among the irritating modern army of "pansy" intellectuals. It is not for those who, robbing themselves in the garment of peace-at-any-price, imagine that they are walking Sermons on the Mount (which they are, but at other people's suffering and expense). It is not for those who believe they assume a kind of invisible halo when they declare that the present war has nothing to do with the German people, but only with their leaders. If this thrilling book proves anything—and it proves everything it sets out to prove, or so it seems to me—it shows that the whole evil system of Nazi-ism is so inherent in the large majority of German people that it may be said to represent them. Mr. McKenzie is an American journalist of great repute who has studied his subject from personal experience and first-hand information. His book tells the truth about German propaganda, and the

truth is revolting to all people of free spirit and independence of thought and action. This propaganda is like a cancer which strives to flow into the blood-stream of the whole world. It may rage in Berlin, but it is echoed in the remotest corners of the world, bringing with it hatred and discontent and revolt wherever it goes. This book shows how deliberately it is planned step by step and how effectively it is carried out.

It is documented evidence and is the more revolting in consequence. The author writes: "Violence is a Nazi doctrine, applied gradually and ruthlessly. What the Nazis cannot dominate they must destroy. In Czechoslovakia and Poland they have both dominated and destroyed. The methods employed by Hitler, Goebbels, von Ribbentrop, and Himmler to achieve their objectives have been so far removed from what the civilised world believed possible that

many who may read these pages may still hesitate to believe such things can happen." His book proves, however, how such things are not only happening in every quarter of the globe where Germans tread, but how the process is being intensified wherever a weakness, however temporary, in a nation's armour is to be discovered. It is undertaken by millions of Germans willingly, enthusiastically; it could never accomplish its ends were it otherwise. So the "pansy" intellectuals, of whom the democracies possess a surfeit, will decry the book's implications. It will not accord with their always self-imposed theories. On the other hand, it will convince most people who perhaps only suspected before. As a system German propaganda is marvellous—how marvellous this book shows. It plays on the basest motives—by lies. Not only is it deliberate and concentrated evil, but, happily, it is beginning, and is likely to continue, to defeat its own revolting ends. Daily the world is becoming more and more bored by the persistent hatred of the Nazi and Soviet viewpoint. And to be bored is infinitely more dangerous to an ideology than disagreement. Especially when both are inspired by hatred without any form of construction beyond destruction.

"Here Lies Goebbels" is a terrible indictment; but, facts being facts, only the mush-thinkers will refuse to face them. Nazi-ism has debased everything which, so far, it has touched—every human, moral, intellectual and spiritual sanctuary. Its propaganda, as this book proves sensationally step by step, is an appeal to humanity's baser instincts; its doctrines of hatred and revolution manoeuvred by every possible means, deliberate or furtive. Mr. McKenzie believes that Goebbels will fail ultimately, and that he realises it. The forcible prevention of every freedom of thought and action in Germany is proof of this ultimate failure. As this book shows once again, this war was planned in Germany years before it actually broke out. Some of its revelations are startling. If it were not so well documented, one would at times revolt against its implications. As it is, this is a book which is as mentally and spiritually disturbing as it is undoubtedly interesting to read.



Antony Beauchamp

#### MRS. LINLEY MESSEL

Who is a sister of Lady Rosse and sister-in-law of the famous stage-designer and artist, Oliver Messel, is one of those who are doing their utmost in the national cause. She is working for the Red Cross, and is President of the Wives' Committee for supplying comforts to the Yeomanry regiment which her husband commands



## SERVICE UNITS—No. 23



## AN R.A.F. FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL—BY "MEL"

This gallery of very gallant gentlemen was collected at a place where they are not taught how to bomb and machine-gun defenceless non-combatants, but how to show the despicable and very cowardly foe to fight without trying to get a verdict on a foul. In the last war the German air forces fought with a more or less chivalrous observance of the Queensberry Rules: in this war they have shown that they do not know how to spell the word "cricket," and there is a growing body of opinion that they should be treated, both when in action and when captured, for exactly what they are, dastards and murderers. The recent "Domala" incident has put the last nail in the coffin of the German air-fighter. There is only one medicine for him—his own





Poole, Dublin

## A KILDARE LAWN MEET AT OBERSTOWN

This was the first time this season that these famous hounds had a fixture at Oberstown House, which is near Naas, and in the group are many who are very regular patrons, including Miss Odium and her sister, who are daughters of Mr. Claude Odium, who, with Sir Francis Brooke, is carrying on for the committee this season. The full key to the picture is like this:

(Front row, l. to r.) Miss Marie Lysaght, a visitor from Australia, Miss Maeve Odium, Miss Jane Gill, Miss O'Kelly, Miss Patience Brand and Harry H. Beasley (the crack Irish jockey); (second row, l. to r.) Miss Audrey Odium, Captain R. M. Pratt, Colonel D. Darley, late 4th Dragoon Guards, Miss Corinna Odium, Captain D. de Burgh, late R.N., Miss Betty Mansfield, Captain A. W. Higginson, late R.N., C.B. (hon. sec. of Kildare Hounds), Miss Deirdre de Burgh and Dr. Bethel Solomons; (back row, l. to r.) Mr. Maher, Mrs. Darley, Miss Rosalind Mansfield and Mr. O'Neill

THE eminent emissary from America who is now our country's honoured guest will not have failed to perceive that the only similarity which his recent host in Berlin bears to the "Samson" that he would have the world believe that he is, resides in the fact that he possesses the jawbone of an ass. In all other respects he is totally dissimilar.

In Lord Kemsley's quite ruthless and very able *exposé* of Dr. Dietrich, the official head of the German Press, in the *Sunday Times* anent the proposal for the simultaneous publication of articles in the English and German newspapers setting forth the respective

viewpoints of the two nations, the following passage occurs: "Dr. Dietrich, however, took up the attitude, in response to my request for immediate action, that that particular moment was not the right one for the publication of the articles. A later date, he suggested, might show an improvement in the international atmosphere which would give greater hopes of a *rap-prochement* between the two countries."

The date of that was July 27, 1939. Since, however, it is now known that the Misleader of Germany had made up his mind to go to war as long before that as September 1938, the "prevarication and mendacity" of which Dr. Dietrich had the effrontery to accuse Lord Kemsley, stand pretty plainly revealed. Dr. Dietrich endeavoured to jockey Lord Kemsley into publishing the German article in the English Press. He never had any intention whatever of giving publication to the English article in the German Press.

And in the meanwhile we continue to waste paper and petrol on pamphlets! There is only one real objective in war: the main concentration of the armed forces of the foe, and the first object of attack is his communications. This well-known sentence occurs in Napoleon's "Maximes de Guerre": "The most important secret in war is to make oneself master of the communications. . . ." The sea communications of Germany are virtually destroyed. There are still her land lines, railways, roads, canals. Leaflets will not destroy these things.

The Anglo-French Ambulance Corps needs £50,000 at once and an equally immediate assurance of continued support to keep a very fine enterprise on its wheels. It was in connection with this project that the meeting on March 6 at the Mansion House was held, the hosts being the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayor-ess. It is a thing which, once started, cannot

## Pictures in the Fire



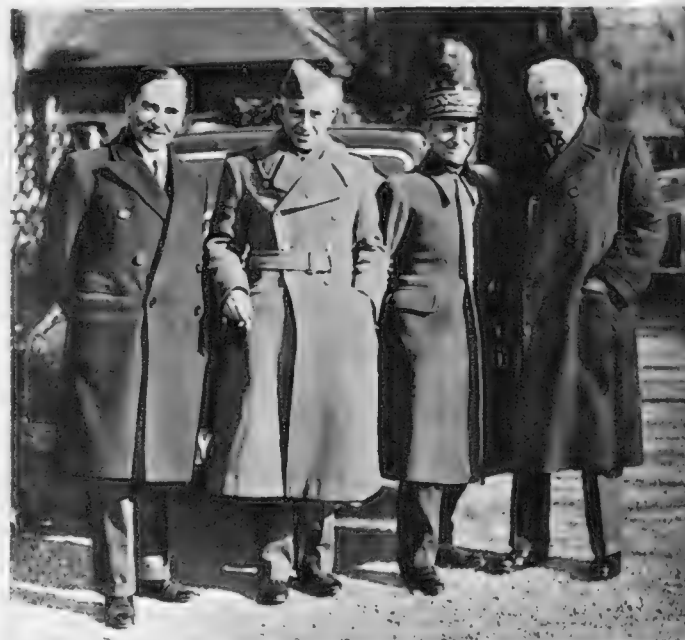
## DOING THEIR BIT

2nd Lieuts. Lord Ebury and Bruce Carlisle with an A.A. battery somewhere. The latter is a Past-President of the Bullingdon Club, and a right good man over the "obs"



## "ABE LINCOLN" AND MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY FLYING TO WASHINGTON

The lady on the left is Jean Purucker, the air-liner hostess, and the famous creator of the great American President and his wife were en route to dine with his successor at the White House



## A BOAT-RACE HOUSE-PARTY AT MAGDALEN HOUSE, HENLEY

The host, Mr. H. F. Methven, is on the left, and then come Group Captain J. J. Conybeare, General A. Lelong (Head of the French Military Mission) and Field-Marshal Lord Milne, our former C.I.G.S.



## By "SABRETACHE"



Clapperton

## A BUCCLEUCH PICTURE

The Hon. Mrs. Alex Mitchell and her daughter Esther at Linthill. Mrs. Mitchell is a sister of Lord Kinross, and her husband is a former Master of the Lauderdale

Official approval is given on both sides of the Channel. Each ambulance costs about £500 and many towns and civic bodies have already come forward and given one each. But you and also I can do our little bit even if we cannot go the entire animal! So what? The Hon. Sec. is Colonel J. Baldwin Webb, M.P.; address, 33, St. James's Street.

Again—so what about those cheque-books or coin—loose cash, if more handy? But, anyway, it is up to us to back up.

be allowed to fade and die—and, of course, it will not do so.

The real purpose of the Corps is to demonstrate to the French people that the efforts and sacrifices of the French nation, and the hospitality which they have extended to our men serving in France, are fully recognised by the British public, and it is felt that the best and most practical means of showing sympathy and appreciation is to provide for the sick and wounded. Lord Cromer, on behalf of the British Red Cross Society, has indicated his full approval of the aims of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, and it should be emphasised that the Corps is the only British organisation providing ambulances under the French Decree of Jan. 31.

Think of these figures and then get out your cheque-book: on the outbreak of war France mobilised no fewer than five million men, and Great Britain naturally salutes and honours the might and measure of that vast effort. The present need for ambulances is already great, and at any moment the need may become overwhelming.

The Prime Minister of the French Republic has expressed his gratitude for the promise the Corps has made. His Majesty the King has graciously consented to be the Patron-in-Chief for Great Britain, and President Lebrun is the Patron-in-Chief for France.



Clapperton

## ANOTHER BUCCLEUCH GROUP

Taken the same day as the one on the left of the Hon. Mrs. Alex Mitchell. In this picture are, left to right, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Milligan, Miss McConnell and Mrs. Stewart. In spite of the Hogs, hunting has carried on all right in this fine country this season

10.5 p.m. Guns opened 10.30—first wave of attack ended 10.40—direction E.S.E., attack S.W. not apparently pressed home. Second Wave 11.25 from W. and N.W., two rounds from our gun; 11.40 moon down: 12.10 all clear sounded.

17 Feb., 1918: Warning 10.10 p.m.—first wave of attack 10.45 to 11.15 p.m. heavy from E., N. and S.W.; bombs S.W. by S. also W. very heavy. 11.7 p.m. guns fired a burst then stopped, then very rapid W.N.W. 11.20 gunfire more distant, 11.25 new wave from N.W. and W. till 11.35 and distant at 11.40: 11.55 all quiet, 12.40 all clear.

18 Feb., 1918: Warning 9 p.m.—first wave 9.22 from S.E. then from E. and N.E. 9.45: from S.E. and S.W. 10 p.m. very heavy, rapid fire from guns. 10.10 very heavy N.W. Second wave 10.25, very close overhead, i.e., N.W. of London veering S.W. and then to E. heavy gunfire. Third wave 10.55, heavy gunfire to E. lasting about 10 minutes, 11.30 all quiet, all clear 12 p.m.

There are many more records, but the above are of three very spiteful and noisy ones which kept us awake

(Continued on page VIII)



## ANOTHER BOAT-RACE PARTY

Some more who saw Cambridge win so easily at Henley. The picture was also taken at Magdalen House, which is next door to Phyllis Court. The names are Mr. and Mrs. Alistair MacDonald, son and daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Miss V. Stewart-Smith

\* \* \*  
The popular idea that, even if we have any air raids on London before the Hun starts to raise Cain on the floor, they will not amount to much and will not last long, may not quite pan out. Just before the big German offensive in March 1918 they kept us very much awake, and perhaps this little record made at that actual moment with pencil and paper, watch and compass, on the table may be a "Picture in the Fire" of a little interest. Here are the records of a few very pertinacious visits:

16 Feb., 1918: Warning (maroons)



## AT ST. MORITZ: MMÈ. GEORGE JABLONSKI AND MR. AND MRS. RICHARD TAUBER

After the recent successful gala at the Palace Hotel in aid of the Finns. Richard Tauber sang many songs, and his wife, the former Diana Napier, acted in the almost impromptu cabaret. They raised eight thousand francs—a fine result



## NEW YORKERS DRESS UP



MR. JULIAN AYALA (THE BAT), MISS MARGERY STODDARD AND MR. ROY REQUA



MR. GEORGE G. FREYLINGHUYSEN AND MISS EDNA BROKAW

## FOR A BEAUX ARTS BALL



MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND BARON R. VON BÖCKLIN



PRIZE-WINNERS: MRS. RICHARD DELANO AND MISS ETHEL SALTUS



MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND BARGER AND "THE HAND"



MR. RICHARD MCKAY AND MISS PATRICIA FOSS

A high-spot of the New York season was the Beaux Arts Diamond Ball held recently at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. The theme-centre of the show was the monstrous jewelled hand seen above with Mr. Raymond Barger, the artist who designed it, and his wife, they both wearing appropriately surrealist costumes. The more traditional school of fancy dress was also very well represented, and among many gorgeous and elaborate concoctions, first and second prizes were carried away by Mrs. Richard Delano, who was Miss Dorothy Lehmann, of Huntingdon, Long Island, and Miss Ethel Saltus. Mr. Julian Ayala's "Bat" was also effective, and, as will be observed, lots of the others did their best to instil the fancy-dress spirit





Anthony Beauchamp

# MISS PHILIPPA FITZALAN-HOWARD, WHO IS STARTING ON A FILM CAREER

A recent portrait of the only daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard and Mrs. Graves. Her father was the brother of Lord Howard of Glossop and a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, and died in 1918 of his wounds in the last war. Miss Fitzalan-Howard studied for a time at the London Theatre Studio, and has just started on a film career—in Conrad Veidt's new picture, *Contraband*. She is proving herself a character actress of some talent, but for the present, at any rate, the producers will hardly want to put her in a character make-up



LADY HADDINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER

Lord Haddington's charming wife was, before her marriage in 1923, Miss Sarah Cook, of Montreal. Her sister is married to Lord Minto. With Lady Haddington in the picture, which was taken at her house in Belgrave Square, is her daughter, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, who was born in 1934. Lord Haddington has had the bad luck recently to be invalided home with pneumonia from France, where he was second in command of a battalion. He was in the Greys, and was a first-class G. R. of Grand National class

in the money. For a pound is as a penny at the Miramar, while hard-earned fivers dash out of your pockets like a Russian division chased by a Finn. Still, what is money. You don't catch the best people bothering their heads about money. For one thing they haven't any left, and for another there are other things in life besides money. There are cheques. There is credit. There is, above all, charm.

Now since, of course, charm is what the best people have a lot of, they go to the Miramar all the time. War or peace, slump or boom, in uniform or the old soup-and-fish, Bolshevism or Capitalism, it is all one to Miramar customers. They dine. They dance. They drink. They give each other hellos. They have fun. I was taken there the other night, and was greatly impressed by the playful atmosphere. It was terrific. The atmosphere was terrific, too, and I wish now that I had used a sharp knife to cut off a nice chunk of it to take home with me just to look at whenever I wanted to remember what a lot of fun I'd had.

Now there are maybe thoughtless people who think that having fun is an easy business. All right, it's an easy business. Just try it and see, that's all. Don't let me put you off. All I say is, just try it. Try having fun at the Miramar and see for yourself. You bet it's not easy. I want to tell you that it takes a whole lot of real talent. And there is no room for flunking, either. All right, try it on your handicap, and then talk. Personally, I was deeply impressed by the high average of talent shown by the customers. And staying-power, too. The endurance of the stouter customers over seventy was, to my mind, particularly impressive. I want to say that you have got to go a long way to beat the English for sheer Character.

It is even more creditable when you think that at this game of having fun you are not allowed time to warm up, as at tennis, or even a few practice swings, as at golf. You have to show what kind of stuff you are made of from the word "go," that is from the moment you find yourself in the cocktail-lounge, foyer, foyer, or Foyer. If you haven't got any real talent for the game, you are for it from that moment. You are dirt, and you feel like dirt. Having furtively parked your lady and ordered cocktails from a boy who has taken no notice whatsoever, you seek out the maitre d'hotel at the entrance to the restaurant. You and he both know that he is in every way a better man than you are, but he is quite nice about it really. Glancing at you absent-mindedly, he continues to talk about home railways with two stout gentlemen of talent who have apparently won his friendship. You shyly ask whether he has reserved your table, and carefully spell out your name, which sounds more than usually idiotic. An expression of grave doubt

## THE BEST PEOPLE DINE AT 8.45

By MICHAEL ARLEN

ALL the world knows the Miramar Hotel in London. Should St. Paul's be destroyed by a bomb, many of the wealthier citizens would express deep regret but would feel secretly relieved that a constant reproach had been removed from them. But should anything happen to the Miramar, the situation would be regarded as very serious indeed. As you all know, the Miramar is more than merely a first-class hotel. There is the Miramar Bar. The Miramar Restaurant. The Miramar Grill. The Miramar Boite de Nuit. The Miramar Dance Band. The Miramar Cabaret. It's a home from home, all right.

No doubt you have all at some time or other been taken there by some friend or rela-

comes over his distinguished features, he purses his lips, beckons a swarthy, white-aproned young Italian peasant (his aunt's stepson) and whispers an order. You wait, looking apologetic. The maitre d'hotel stands with easy dignity and permits himself to be called by his Christian name by the best people. Then the dark little Italian peasant dashes back and gesticulates sulkily, the maitre d'hotel listens with austere detachment and, turning to you with the mechanical courtesy of a Major-General asking after a corporal's sciatica, tells you that room has been made for you behind a distant pillar. You thank him profusely, return to your cocktail-table mopping your brow, and find (a) that your companion, whom you had until to-night thought quite charming, is the dowdiest-looking woman in the place, and (b) that no cocktails have been served.

But such humiliations are reserved only for those without talent for having fun. The best people take the whole thing in an easy stride, radiating charm and bonhomie as they go. Some of the best people are in parties together, all radiating charm and calling each other by their Christian names, while others very kindly bring nobodies of the sort who are eager to spend money in any really good cause. Film-stars also abound, usually accompanied by Americans or Jews or, just to take a snappy short cut, American Jews, who are one and all very fine-looking men, especially after midnight.

The game of having a lot of fun really starts with a swing on entering the restaurant. All round you the best people are sitting down at the best tables while calling each other and the waiters by their Christian names. Food and wine are lavishly ordered and eaten to an accompaniment of cultured conversation and witty repartee, for which the better-class London restaurants are of course famous, may God forgive me. Nobody eats much, for the waiters have very sharp eyes and will stand no nonsense from loiterers. These waiters have been recruited from the hard-boiled peasantry of France, Italy and Switzerland, and though their manners are very amiable they are naturally rugged types, so that they suffer a good deal from the strain of incessant suavity to the best people. They take their revenge as soon as the customers get up to dance. Softly smiling to themselves, they snatch up the unfinished food and carry it away to the kitchen, where it is tastefully packed in hampers and dispatched to their relatives abroad. The customers, on returning to find their food gone, are very amused and congratulate each other and the waiters on the fact that everybody eats less (and pays more) nowadays. In this way I myself lost to the thrifty peasantry of Europe 1 cup of consommé, 2 slices of jambon de parme, ½ sole meunière, 1½ lamb cutlets (underdone), 31 peas, 6½ pommes soufflées, 1 pêche Melba, and 1 roll. I managed to hang on to a pat of butter and a morsel of cheese long enough to swallow them, and was warmly congratulated on this feat by my friends, though I could see that some of them considered it rather bad form on my part to eat with my meals.

Dancing at the Miramar is, of course, very enjoyable. There is no nonsense about it as there is in vulgar places where people want absurd things like space and room. The band no sooner strikes up than all the customers over sixty dash asthmatically to the floor and do their very damndest to hold it against all comers. This is very enjoyable, and is called Letting The Young People Really Enjoy Themselves For Once. Veteran couples suffering from rheumatism and/or gout show a tendency to nail themselves to the four corners, from which they kick out with morbid agility at any approaching young couple. This is great fun. I saw one bedridden pair score three direct hits and one glancing blow on a young Air Force officer. He was profuse in his apologies but they were absolutely sweet about it and forgave him readily for stupidly not having let them register four direct hits. They said they hoped to do better the next dance, when they had their elbows working as well. A really sweet old couple. The heavier dowagers show a preference for the centre of the floor, from which they can spot any young people who may by chance be dancing in time to the music, so that they can at once put a stop to such fancy goings-on. Everyone enjoys this enormously.

Well, I want to tell you that I have never had so much fun since I was a little boy. I enjoyed every minute of it, dead or alive. It was terrific. Now all I need is another enjoyable evening like that and there won't be a bit of difference between my telephone-number and my age.



## LADY CLAUD HAMILTON'S PARTY FOR THE



MISS ROSEMARY AND MISS HEATHER BOWMAN;  
(Back) MR. J. G. S. GAMMELL AND MR. PAUL BOWMAN

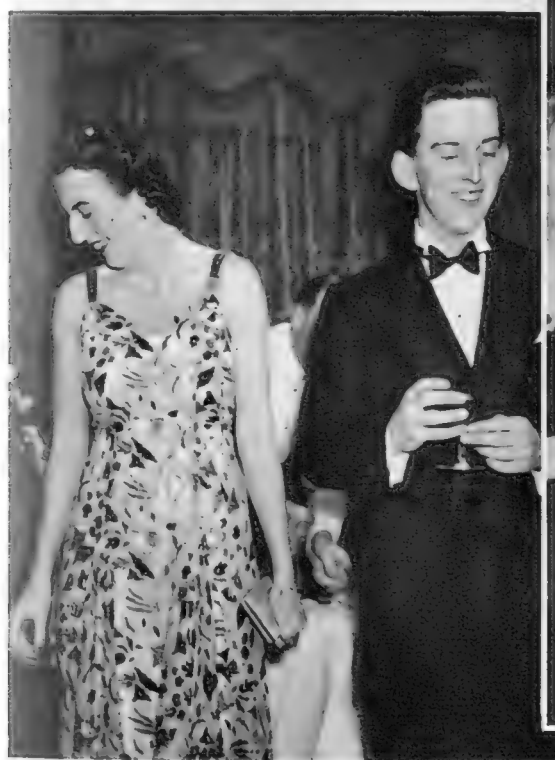


MRS. LEONARD WHEATLEY AND  
THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH

## QUEEN CHARLOTTE DINNER-DANCE



MISS ESMÉE HARMSWORTH, DEB. NO. 1,  
AND MRS. BERTIE STERN



MISS VERONICA HORNUNG AND  
MR. "TIMMY" HEDLEY



LADY CLAUD HAMILTON AND HER  
DAUGHTER, MISS PAMELA NEWALL,  
AND MR. DAVID LODER



BRIG.-GENERAL LEONARD WHEATLEY  
AND HIS DAUGHTER

Lady Claud Hamilton's party for the Queen Charlotte Dinner-Dance at Grosvenor House was given in Mrs. Bertie Stern's flat and almost all the leading debs. were at it. With no Courts this year, the Queen Charlotte Dance and its procession and its giant cake (196 candles this year) takes their place in some measure. Lady Claud Hamilton's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Pamela Newall, was one of the Maids of Honour and looked particularly sweet in her tucked white satin dress, wearing a pendant which belonged to Lord Claud Hamilton's mother, the Duchess of Abercorn. The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Brig.-General and Mrs. Leonard Wheatley were other proud parents, and with just right, too, said most! Miss Bowman and her sister were two more who were in the procession. Mr. Paul Bowman, who was a unit of the escort, is their cousin

*Some more pictures in the "And the World Said" pages*

## BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE



A W.A.A.F. GIRL DRIVER



MARCHING PAST AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR LONGMORE



A ROUGH JOB OF WORK



IN A W.A.A.F. MESS - ROOM

With memories still fresh in many minds of the fine work done by the various wartime women's auxiliary services in the last war, it would be impossible not to be keenly alive to the reorganisations which have again sprung smartly to attention in this new and quite possibly far more bloody and protracted contest. The Women's Auxiliary Air Force, with which the pictures on these pages are concerned, takes on any job connected with the R.A.F. bar flying for fighting purposes. The only Service flying done by women is in the Air Transport Auxiliary, whose duties are to fly aeroplanes from factory to storage depôt, and very well and efficiently are these duties carried out. We have not yet got as far as the Russians, who have employed women in bombing raids on the Finns, and also in the past have had Amazon battalions of infantry. Our W.A.A.F.s, however, do a job of work that is quite as important and essential—a variety of office duties, clerks, teleprinter operators,



COMPANY COMMANDER



# WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE



THE DRUMS AND FIFES OF A W.A.A.F. UNIT



DRIVING AN R.A.F. TRACTOR



ON AN INSPECTION PARADE

telephonists, typists, store clerks, cooking, nursing in depôt hospitals, even bearing a hand in the operating-rooms (called by some of us "torture chambers") of R.A.F. dentists, for many a W.A.A.F. has had a professional training at this sort of thing in civil life. They are also employed very largely driving staff cars, and they have to be able to do something more than just sit at the wheel in a smart kit and go the quickest and best way to any given spot on any map, but have to know all about what is inside the bonnet and to be competent to carry out any repairs of a minor nature if and when urgency demands. So when we see all these smartly turned-out girls walking about this wartime earth we must realise that it is not just show but an emblem of hard and patriotic work in the national cause—a man's job done by man's better half—and thundering well done at that! They have adapted themselves marvellously to all and any kinds of work, heavy or otherwise



"DRUMMER! 'SHUN!"

DER MRS. COLTART

# THE INEXPLICABLE

Written and Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

**D**O you believe in ghosts? You don't. Neither do I. But you will agree that you have come across incidents which seem to require explanation?

These are some that have either been told me by what were apparently reliable people, or else have happened to myself (still a sceptic, although unable to find a satisfactory logical explanation). A Highland friend (who hunts in England) told me he once at night heard hounds running near the battlefield of Culloden. Now, apart from its being at night, the nearest hounds are the Fife! The only explanation I can think of is that what he heard were geese flying high overhead. Their wild chorus is not unlike the cry of hounds hunting—indeed, in some parts of England geese are still called St. Gabriel's Hounds because of this similarity of sound. But if you prefer an uncanny solution there is in existence a picture by Ben Marshall, of Duncan Forbes of Culloden and his hounds, which seems to point to the fact of there having once been hunting in the neighbourhood of Inverness. Moreover, there is a tradition in those parts that there was also fox-hunting on the other side of the Moray Firth (the Black Isle) in the last century. Every country—almost every county—has legends of ghostly huntsmen—notably Dartmoor—such as the Wish huntsman, who is said to haunt the old forest, and who, when the storm is raging, may be heard at dead of night urging on his hounds, the cracking of his whip sounding above the howling wind.

But here is a tale of to-day or yesterday. Arthur Thatcher, Mr. Fernie's famous huntsman, returned to harness in his old age as huntsman to the newly-formed South Atherstone Hunt, dying in his second or third season with them, and being buried near their kennels at Cotes Batch. His favourite horse—a grey horse called "Granite"—survived him, and is, indeed, alive to-day as an old-age pensioner—a point worth noting, reader. An old butler told me that the year after Thatcher's death, when he was, in the afternoon, laying the table for dinner, he saw the huntsman riding across the park on his grey horse, and it was not until he suddenly remembered that he was dead that it struck him as a remarkable occurrence! From ghostly hounds and huntsmen let us turn to ghostly foxes.

Have you ever heard of the Foxes of Gormanston? I cannot say I have myself come across anyone who has seen these animals, but I know several Irish people who firmly believe in them. The story is a curious one. Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath, was purchased by the Preston family many years ago, and their crest is a running fox. The tale is that foxes foretell the death of the head of the family, and in the *Daily Sketch* of November 30, 1936, in their series of "Famous Irish Homes," there was an article on these spirit foxes, who were apparently last seen in 1917, and the story appears to be well authenticated at that date. But perhaps the most interesting visitation by foxes was in 1860, "when" (to quote the article) "the twelfth Viscount was dying, foxes were seen coming towards Gormanston for days. His valet heard what he thought was a dog barking, and on going over to the window of the sick-room, saw it was a fox sitting outside. Just before his Lordship died, three foxes were playing and making a noise outside. The doctor sent two boys to drive them away, which they did, but directly they came in the foxes returned, and remained until after his death." This is attested by three of his grandchildren who were present at the time. It is an uncanny tale, the more so from being apparently well authenticated over such a long period.

I have myself only once seen an uncanny incident in connection with the chase. About 1912 we formed a pack of draghounds, in a part of Wales which had not been hunted for at least forty years. Actually they were not draghounds, as they were a mixed pack of half-bred foxhounds and pure-bred bloodhounds, and they did not hunt a drag but "the

clean boot"! In other words, the quarry was man (with no additional scent thrown in!). It is one of the advantages of a private establishment that no elaborate arrangements are necessary long in advance, and if the weather suddenly changes for the better you can hunt then and there. There had been a hard frost for several days, but suddenly the thaw set in, and as hounds and horses sadly needed exercise, we decided to hunt. Hounds were very wild and flashy and even the staid old bloodhounds were not as steady as usual. Hounds ran fast, and actually overhauled their man long before we intended them to do so. The quarry then volunteered to run us a line back towards kennels if we gave him enough "law." This we did, and an exceedingly dull job it is sitting about with hounds, doing nothing but killing time. When time was up we laid them on, and off they went again, wild as hawks. At the end of fifteen minutes or so hounds checked outside a wood. An old bloodhound dog—most reliable member of the pack—took a line up the side of the covert, and as the quarry had instructions to avoid disturbing woodlands, I was pretty certain he was right. However, the fox-cum-bloodhound bitches suddenly dashed into the wood through a wicket gate in full cry, and the old trustees so far forgot themselves as to join in. They went very fast, running the rides all the time, which made me pretty certain we were still running a man, if not the man.

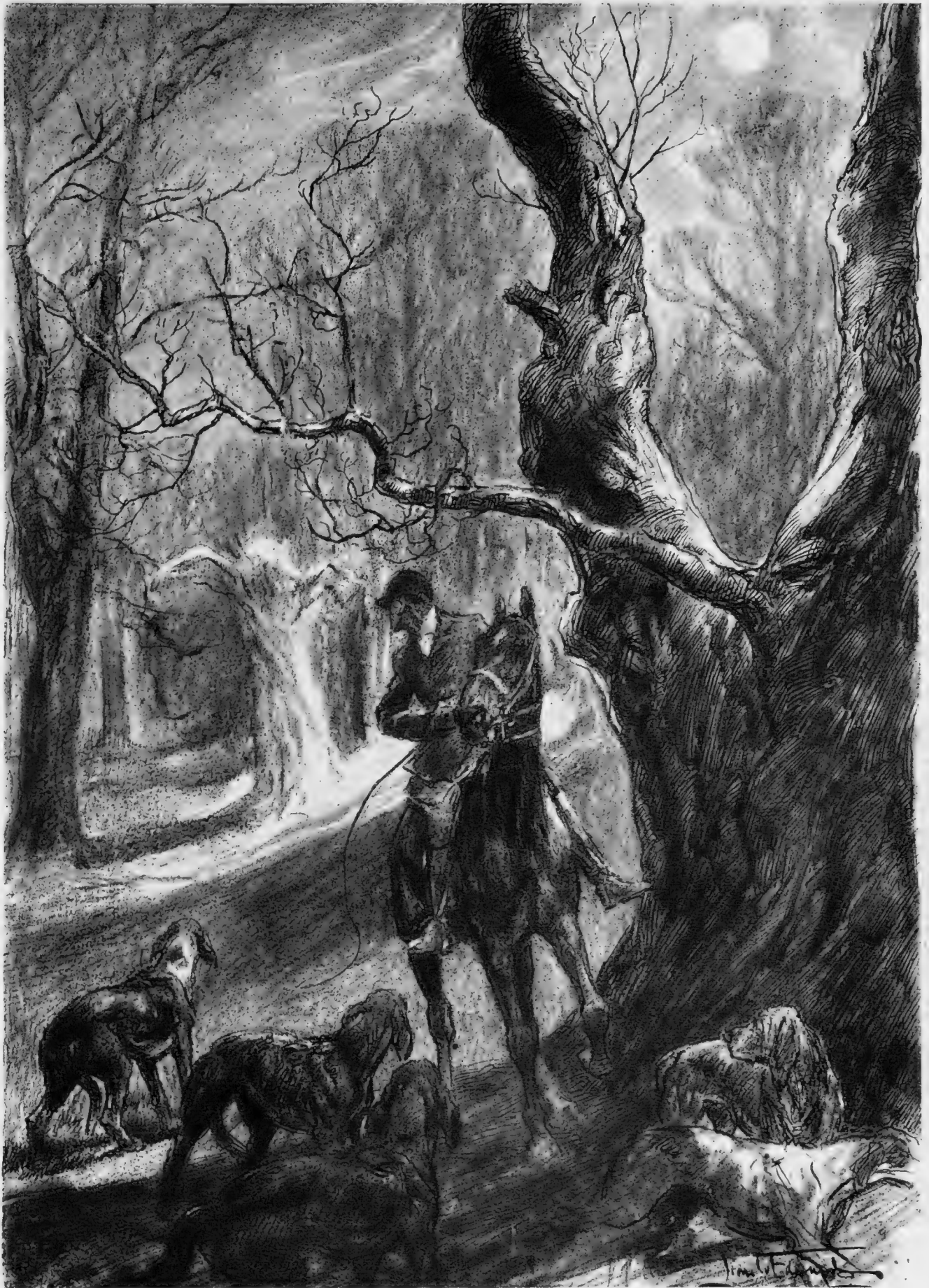
Outside cover they crossed some rather stiffly-fenced country, which took me a longish time to negotiate. When I caught them up they had thrown up on a road. It was now getting late. I hadn't the faintest idea what they were hunting, and we had been going away from home. Moreover, it was getting dark. By the time we had returned to within a mile or two of kennels it really was dark. The moon was up, and the high winds sent the clouds hurrying across her face, so that at times we were in complete darkness. I therefore decided (with one exception, the last members of the field had long departed) to take a short cut through a wood behind the kennels. Like most short cuts, it was a longish way, owing to the sudden spells of darkness alternating with moonlight, which considerably slowed up even "hounds' jog." We were trotting down one of the rides when the hounds in front of me suddenly stopped. Their hackles were all raised and their sterns dropped between their legs. My horse suddenly whipped round also, and the hounds all came slinking back to heel. At almost the same moment a cloud came over the face of the moon, and we were in total darkness. There was a most weird and unpleasant silence. Moonlight appeared again, and I could see nothing to account for our mutual fright.\* Hounds apparently now saw nothing to alarm them, and trotted off again in front of my horse, having apparently suddenly remembered they were not far from kennels and supper.

Now what had they seen? Can animals see things denied to us, or was it merely some optical illusion? I have often thought over this incident, and the latter as the explanation. I went past the place many times afterwards and always looked out for a possible solution. It is true there was an old blasted tree beside the ride which in moonlight might perhaps be taken for a menacing figure, but against that I never noticed it at the time. Moreover, it is an uncanny attribute of dogs that apparently they do see things unseen by us. Have you not noticed a dog's eyes following something round the room? I have, and often wondered what it was he was so interested in.

\* I showed these notes to the one eye-witness, besides myself, of the incident. The reply was, "You haven't got it quite correct. As far as I remember it after all these years, the hounds, after crowding to your horse's heels, left you and slunk away into the wood, rejoining you a hundred yards or so further on, after having apparently made a wide detour."

This makes the occurrence even more uncanny!





## THE INEXPLICABLE

By LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

"My horse suddenly whipped round—and the hounds all came slinking back to heel. At almost the same moment a cloud came over the face of the moon and we were in total darkness. There was a most weird and unpleasant silence"

(See story on opposite page)



MICHÈLE MORGAN, BUSY ON  
A FRENCH WAR FILM

This clever young French actress will be remembered by many Londoners for her acting in *Quai des Brumes*. The new French-made war film upon which she is at present engaged has not yet been given a title

SUCH pretty wee-hats, Très Cher! The strangest, gayest and absurdly adorable little *chapeaux*! How do our lovelies ring such changes overnight? All wrapped up in furs and woollies, booted to the knees and hooded to the ears one day; then, twenty-four hours later, because the sun shines wanly but unmistakably between the already knobbly branches of the trees, springtide flowerlets blossom atop their pretty heads all tied up with brilliant ribbons and decked out with bits of feathers and glinting sequins. A music-hall songwriter of the 'nineties describes what must have been very much the same fashion more succinctly:

"She wore a pretty bonnet  
Wif fevvers and fla'hrs upon it . . ."

In those days her "fust-clarse name" was Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, and Albert Chevalier was her bard. At the Théâtre Michel the other evening Mlle. Mistinguett, her copper-coloured curls crowned with "fevvers," had *la tournure* of Mrs. 'Awkins, but, alas! the Chevalier—known to all as Maurice, and who might have squired her some ten years ago—was busy elsewhere. It was at the Théâtre Michel during the *répétition générale* of Jean Cocteau's *Monstres Sacrés* that we first noticed the full force of the Primavera tendency of *la mode*, and chuckled as we thought of Germany's one hat per *frau* per annum, and utilitarian at that! Never have Parisian *modistes* been quite so frivolous, bless their fairy, needle-pricked fingers, and never have they created frivolities so charmingly becoming to young people (which is exactly as it should be) and so utterly ludicrous to *nous autres*, older ones; though to be quite fair one must admit that Mme. Courteline's white hair, curling, in a Queen Alexandra fringe, around the edge of a mauve hyacinth toque, was distinctly decorative, and next morning I also

## Priscilla in Paris

went up to the attic and routed around in search of a certain little cap made of cornflowers that Jane—of the Rue Royale—created for me years before she married Yves Mirande, who has since had two other wives and gone to Hollywood into the bargain! Worn well over one ear and with a top-knot of curls, it'll do me prahd for the theatre this spring.

Cocteau's new play distinctly is not from the same bin as *Les Parents Terribles*, his great success last year. There is a brilliant first act, followed by an awkward second and a feeble third. However, we had "Bébé" Bérard's enchanting *décors* to look at, and we gloated over the divine Molyneux worn by Yvonne de Bray. Esther, a brilliant actress of *les Boulevards*, is married to Florent, of the Comédie Française. They adore each other and, away from the theatre—they never act in the same production—are a happy, *bourgeois ménage*. A bratling, Liane, who plays small rôles at the Théâtre Français, confesses to Esther that she is Florent's mistress. Esther takes this crool 'ard and, though the story is a lie, she at first believes the girl, an *intrigante* who has chosen this way of attracting the attention of the famous couple. Acting on the fallacy that there is no smoke without fire, Esther believes that Liane really loves Florent. She throws her husband and the young person together, with the almost inevitable result that Florent soon becomes that unfortunate and rather ridiculous creature, a man of years who is torn between his real love for an elderly wife

and a *grande* passion for a young mistress. The fact that Esther has taken the brat into their home renders the situation even more awkward than it need have been. So far, so long . . . we survived more or less. Cocteau cannot write indifferently; and the acting of Yvonne de Bray and young Jany Holt touched perfection. If it had not been for the former's portrayal of a splendid—but mistaken—generosity and for Jany Holt's perverse cattishness as the wench, I fear we might have giggled at times. Alas! I fear that we did so—*sub rosa*—at the "happy ending." Florent, unable to stand the pace, sends Liane packing to Hollywood and grovels. Oh, with dignity! When one belongs to *la Comédie Française* there is dignity even in the way one grovels.

Esther forgives him because, she confesses, she also "knows what it is to be in love"! Florent shudders and wilts, but he "bites on the bullet" and hides his pain and agony! "Esther is love!" (We nearly murmured "Oo-er!") "I deserve it," he broken-heartedly but magnanimously declares! Esther smiles through her tears: "Close your eyes," she says. Florent does so

and she nestles in his arms! "Of course I'm in love . . . and always have been . . ."—she takes her time and lets him have it, biff in the mizzen—" . . . with you!" And by the time we got over the shock, the gramophone was playing *la Marseillaise*.

Oh, yes, our nicest theatres finish up with the *Marseillaise* now, same-like "God Save" in London. Some of them, like the Casino de Paris, even play both, but then, what can one expect when the revue is called *Paris-Londres*? And this reminds me that Josephine Baker—star of the Casino—not content with playing every night and at three matinées a week, singing "on the air," and appearing at various camp shows in between, is also busily at work for the screen. How she survives I don't know. Some miracles can't be explained.

PRISCILLA.



Mlle. LAURE DIANA, TO BE  
MARRIED ON MARCH 15

The well-known French singer is to be married to Flight Com. Drouhant on March 15. They first met when Mlle. Laure Diana was entertaining the French Air Force in the war zone, and she made a great hit with a new number, "The Song of the Escadrille"



## A PHOTOGENIC FOURSOME



JUDITH BARRETT, STAR OF  
"THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE"



ANNA MAY WONG, IN  
"THE ISLAND OF LOST MEN"



PRISCILLA LANE, WHOSE "FOUR DAUGHTERS" IS TO BE  
FOLLOWED BY "FOUR WIVES"

These pictures might be illustrations to a learned lecture on what the film men mean when they use that mystic word "photogenic." Anna May Wong's Oriental beauty hails actually from California, but she has traced the village in South China from which her family springs and a little while ago made a pilgrimage there in the course of a tour of the Far East. Her most recent film, *The Island of Lost Men*, in which she is starred with J. Carrol Naish, was released on March 11. Judith Barrett, who is one of the youthful charmers Paramount have gathered together in their "Golden Circle," has a leading part in *The Road to Singapore*, whose strong cast includes also Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. Priscilla Lane, who made her first hit in *Four Daughters*, is to appear in a sequel to be called *Four Wives*. Her latest film, *The Roaring Twenties*, is an exciting story, with James Cagney in the leading rôle and a documentary back-ground telling of America in those fantastic post-last-war, Prohibition days. Mary Martin became an overnight Broadway star by her singing of Cole Porter's latest hit, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," which was heard in the revue *Black Velvet*, over here. She made her screen début in *The Great Victor Herbert*, which is now showing round London



MARY MARTIN, SWEET SINGER IN "THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



IRINA BARANOVA, BEAUTIFUL HEROINE OF THE "FLORIAN" FILM

Clarence S. Bull

The entirely attractive principal dancer of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, who has been captured by M.-G.-M. to play an Archduke's exotic "sweetie" in the new film *Florian*, which is now shooting, and which is all about the fall of the Austrian Empire. Robert Young and Helen Gilbert are the leads, and it is being produced by Winfield Sheehan, who, they say, has caught the real atmosphere of the picturesque days of Franz Josef

Two men, returning from a party in the early hours, were arguing whether it was the sun or the moon that was showing in the sky.

Meeting another man, they explained their argument, and asked his opinion. Unfortunately, he, too, had been celebrating. All the same, he answered politely: "I'm shorry, gentlemen, but I'm—*hic*—a stranger in these parts myself."

A RECRUIT to the Air Branch of the Navy had done plenty of flying ashore before joining up. During his first flip in a seaplane his observer was horrified to notice that they were shaping for a perfect landing in the middle of a local flying-field. Only just in time, his frantic signals told the pilot that something was amiss, and disaster was avoided.

"What on earth was up with you?" asked the observer when they were again safely on the water.

"Sorry, old man—I keep forgetting this isn't a landplane. It won't happen any more."

And, with a reassuring grin at his passenger, the pilot climbed out of the cockpit into the sea.

The poultryer's assistant was cleaning a fowl for a customer and extracted an egg, complete with shell.

The customer noticed this and said: "Well, would you believe it? Don't forget to give me the egg; that's a new-laid one, anyway."

On turning round to wrap up the bird the boy dropped the egg. He snatched another from a basket and put that in.

The next time the customer came into the shop she said: "You remember that egg you took out of my fowl? Well, it was stamped 'Danish'!"

A Jewish tailor was employed in the wardrobe department of a film studio. One morning he noticed a new director on the set.

"Hallo, Goldberg!" cried the tailor, slapping the director on the back. "Mine old pal of twenty years! Ven I knew you, you veighed eighteen stones—now you veigh only ten. Six feet tall you used to be, and now you're a shreemp. Vunce you vore eyeglasses, now you don't veare 'em. Goldberg, mine pal, you've changed in twenty years."

The director stared coldly and replied: "My name isn't Goldberg. It's Rosenberg."

"Looka, looka!" cried the tailor. "Changed your name too, eh?"

The man in the dock was looking very downcast.

"Please be lenient with me, your Worship," he said, addressing the magistrate. "I have a good many dependent on me for their support. It would be only fair to consider them."

A kindly light came into the magistrate's eyes as he listened to this plea.

"Children?" he inquired kindly.

The prisoner shook his head.

"No, your Worship. Detectives."

He was new to the Army and, for a subaltern, inclined to indulge in a little self-importance. A private sauntered by without saluting.

"I'll teach you a lesson!" barked the second lieutenant. "Stand and salute me a hundred times."

Miserably the Tommy began the performance just as a senior officer passed.

"What sort of drill is this?" he inquired.

The embarrassed subaltern told him.

"But surely," the senior officer said, "you are aware that you yourself must acknowledge each salute? Now, if you will please begin all over again I'll hold the watch just to see how long it takes to salute two hundred times."





No party can be really enjoyed if you begin it tired—conscious, what's more, that you're *looking* tired, that your features are drawn and lined, your complexion is sallow . . . Start the evening well by taking fifteen minutes off for a brisk, refreshing VELVA MASQUE treatment! Just fifteen minutes—but what a difference it makes—lying back with closed eyes while Elizabeth Arden's VELVA MASQUE does its soothing, gently stimulating work, tightening the contours of the face, refining its texture! . . . Now you're ready for the perfect Elizabeth Arden make-up based on her new ALL-DAY FOUNDATION which will keep your complexion fresh and lovely all the evening through. Round the clock loveliness is yours for the asking! You finish the day cool and self-confident, your poise unruffled — an Elizabeth Arden Masterpiece.

VELVA CREAM MASQUE 12/6, 21/-. ALL-DAY FOUNDATION 5/6.

*Elizabeth Arden*

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1



INSTITUTION OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' ANNUAL DINNER: BY "MEL"

A large assembly of members of the Institution of Locomotive Engineers and their guests attended the Institution's Annual Dinner at the Savoy Hotel recently. The chief guest of the evening was the Minister of Transport, Captain the Rt. Hon. Euan Wallace, P.C., M.P. In the unfortunate absence, through indisposition, of the President of the Institution, Mr. O. V. S. Bulleid, the Chair was taken by last year's

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

President, Mr. W. A. Stanier. Another distinguished personality who was present was Major-General Gilbert Szlumper, C.B.E., Director-General of Transport. From left to right in "Mel's" cartoon are Mr. "Bill" Gilmour Smith, Major-General Szlumper, Major H. A. Harrison, the Institution's secretary, Captain Euan Wallace, Mr. W. A. Stanier, Sir Charles W. Craven, and Mr. R. A. Thom, O.B.E.

### The All-Red Road-Signal.

ONE of the innovations on the new Winchester by-pass is a set of road-signals at a crossing designed to give priority to fast traffic. The signals are traffic-operated, and use double-contact strips to ensure reliability. Instead of being placed 90 ft. before the crossing, as is usual, these contact-strips are laid 200 ft. in advance, thus allowing more distance for a fast-moving car to pull up. By this arrangement, and due to the fact that the green follows the red almost instantly, unless traffic on the minor cross-road has previously contacted its strip, priority for by-pass traffic is ensured.

This adaptation of the road-signal seems sensible enough. Far more so in fact than at one or two other crossings in the country, where all four signals return to red automatically when there is no traffic about, and the contacts are placed so near to them that all traffic is reduced to a crawl whether the road ahead is clear or not. The official answer to this will be that the crossing is probably in a restricted area, and that if one is proceeding at 30 m.p.h. the distance between the contact-strip and signals is sufficient for the car to operate the signals in time. In actual practice, however, the system is irritating, besides causing a waste of time.

### From One Generation to Another.

Brightly-coloured flower-beds face the Sunbeam-Talbot workshops in London. And somehow they suggest



Frank O'Brien

### AT A WEST WATERFORD MEET

Miss Joy O'Rorke, Master of the Blazers, came over for a day with the West Waterford when they met at Aglish recently. With her in the picture is Mrs. Ion Villiers-Stuart, whose husband has for the war taken on the Mastership of the West Waterford for the third time. Joint-Master with him is Miss Anne Gregory. Miss O'Rorke has taken over the Blazers from Lord Sligo, Mr. Bowes Daly and Major Carr

that here art is allied to industry, and that the making of motor-cars is not just the shaping and piecing together of thousands of mass-produced parts. The cars reflect the same idea, for their form appeals to one's artistic sense. They are good to look at, and satisfy one's natural standards of line and balance. This grace prevails throughout the range—no mean achievement. For it is far easier to give a largish car line and elegance than a small one. The secret, of course, lies in the proportion of length to height, the latter being limited. Thus the natural grace of Sunbeam-Talbot artistry finds its most consoling expression in the new 3- and 4-litre models, available with a range of closed and open bodies from £415 and £455 upwards. These fine cars lack the formal appearance of so many British makes. Rather do they suggest the long, sweeping lines of the most famous French machines. And behind this appeal to the eye is the glamour of two names that, for more than a generation, have been honoured for their valour and their victories in many great events. To-day, united under the ægis of the Rootes Brothers' enterprise, Sunbeam-Talbot carry on a great tradition.

### Flame-Cutting.

Most processes in motor-manufacture are dull to watch. That's why I always pitied parties who were trailed round factories by highly technical guides in an effort to impress them with the wonders of such and such a car.

(Continued on page x)





## It is the custom of the English . . .



It is the custom of the English when there is serious trouble to be faced, to lift their voices in loud and rollicking song. They will command all within earshot to smile, to pack up their troubles, to give up worrying. Remark this well, for it does not happen by chance or the song-writer's skill — it is part of the English strength to deny all foreboding when the hour is grave. Let your smile shine out then, undimmed by worries that are not yours alone. And if the waiting be hard, seek fortitude and clear, calm thought over a Worthington—the golden brew that has nurtured generations of the yeomen of England.



Photo: Stuart

## A W.A.A.F. DETACHMENT SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

A contingent of that very important auxiliary service which is all the time doing hard and unpublicised work to back up the gallant achievements of the R.A.F.

The names are (l. to r.; back row): A.C.2s Turner, Simms, Warrick, Gadd, Rogers, Thomas, McGookin, Wood, Pickett, Bagshaw, Comber, Watts; (3rd row) Cpl. Ogden, A.C.2s Conning, Syrad, Thompson, Leggatt, Edwards, Down, Dunn, Cooper, Luxton, Brodie-Thomas, Eyre, Woodhead; (seated) Cpls. Ulph, Bodle, Creek; Sgts. Epps, Roffey, A.S.O. Ker, Flight Officer Jones (O.C.), A.S.O. Harmon-Morgan, Sgt. Wyatt, Cpls. Elphinstone, Adams, Barnfield, Bellamy; (on ground) A.C.2s Farrell, Duncan, Nye, Alberg, Lambert, Blackman, Yarlett, Roberts

## Reconnaissance.

THOSE reconnaissance flights over Germany have done us a lot of good—not necessarily material good, but mental good. When we read on the evening newspaper bills, "R.A.F. OVER BERLIN AGAIN," and when Lord Haw-Haw suddenly closes down in the midst of one of his adenoidal orations, we feel, whether we are directly connected with aviation or not, a genuine lift of the spirit. The Navy is certainly here; and the R.A.F. seems to be there. The long-range flights have been examples of sound airman-ship. The tours over the Baltic ports and over Berlin and the other cities have been accomplished with skill and regularity. There has not been, up to the time I am writing, much resistance to night reconnaissance flights, but that fact cannot possibly lessen the suspense of the crews, who have to spend up to ten hours in the air, most of it over Germany. The work is not spectacular, in the sense that fighter work is spectacular or that bombing is spectacular; but it is hard, difficult work, and we cannot praise too highly the officers and men of the Bomber Command who have been doing it.

At the same time, let us hope that the Air Staff are constantly reviewing what they get in practical results out of these flights and balancing them against the risks run by our men. The material objective of the flights is to drop pamphlets. Until the pamphlets are better constructed and show some genius in conception and lay-out, I do not think that their dropping warrants risks being taken by good men and good machines. In preference to the present long-winded sermons, set out with all the dullness of Government White Papers, I would like to see a special document devised, carrying, for instance, a Low cartoon or some really well-executed coloured cartoon. Failing that, I would prefer to see a simple sheet with, printed on both sides in large letters: "DROPPED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE," and then the date. Either of these documents would be an improvement on the ones actually used and would more nearly justify the risks taken by the aircraft crews. It must be added by way of footnote, however, that some psychologists assert that pamphlet-dropping at this stage of the war is a

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

waste of time, petrol, men and machines, because the German people cannot yet be receptive to the suggestions in the pamphlets, however well devised.

## Long Ranges.

There is another point about these flights which demands attention. It is this: if we intend to make long-range work a regular thing—and it should be sufficiently obvious that we must make it a regular thing, whether we like or not—we must consider the specialised long-range bombing aeroplane. We must consider whether to make it a flying fortress, covered with gun-turrets, or whether to make it a small, slim, high-speed machine. Existing aeroplanes have done wonderfully well against such opposition as they have met; but there must be new types to meet new conditions. Let us therefore make up our minds on this point quickly and let us have no half-hearted compromising. It is because the "Spitfire" is no compromise, but a fast fighter pure and simple, that it is the most successful machine of the air war up to the present. Let our new bombers be equally uncompromising and they will be equally successful. I must add that I make these remarks because what I have seen going on behind the scenes is by no means reassuring.

## New Ideas.

It would be a dreadful thing if the newest Service should be resistant to new ideas. The Schneider Trophy race has given us the "Spitfire" and helped to give us the "Hurricane." The long-range record has given us the "Wellington." But now there is no assistance from sporting or record-breaking events, and so we must think hard and act boldly, or else we shall find the technical merit pendulum swinging towards Germany.

We do not lack ideas in this country, and the point is to ignore none of them, but to sort them out with care and with courage—not rejecting any idea just because it involves a breakaway from convention. We want production, yes, built up to the ultimate point our labour resources can reach. But we also must have technical merit. In my opinion we can have both if the authorities keep themselves receptive to new ideas.

(Continued on page x)



Truman Howell

## READY FOR FORTY MORE

Squadron Leader Ira Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. and bar, M.M., in the last war made himself responsible for the downfall of at least forty of the Boche, that being the official tally, though people who should know are inclined to double that number. Now he is back in harness there is reason for their successors to feel plenty uneasy



# Chesro Trade Mark Frocks

## IN TOOTAL FABRICS

Regd.

Two delightful examples from the Chesro collection. Beautifully cut and designed with those inspired touches which give such distinction to the simplest Chesro Models. Beautifully finished with a perfection of detail seldom seen in ready-to-wear. And extremely practical—for every Chesro Model is made of a Tootal Guaranteed fabric, and can therefore be depended on to wash without loss of charm.

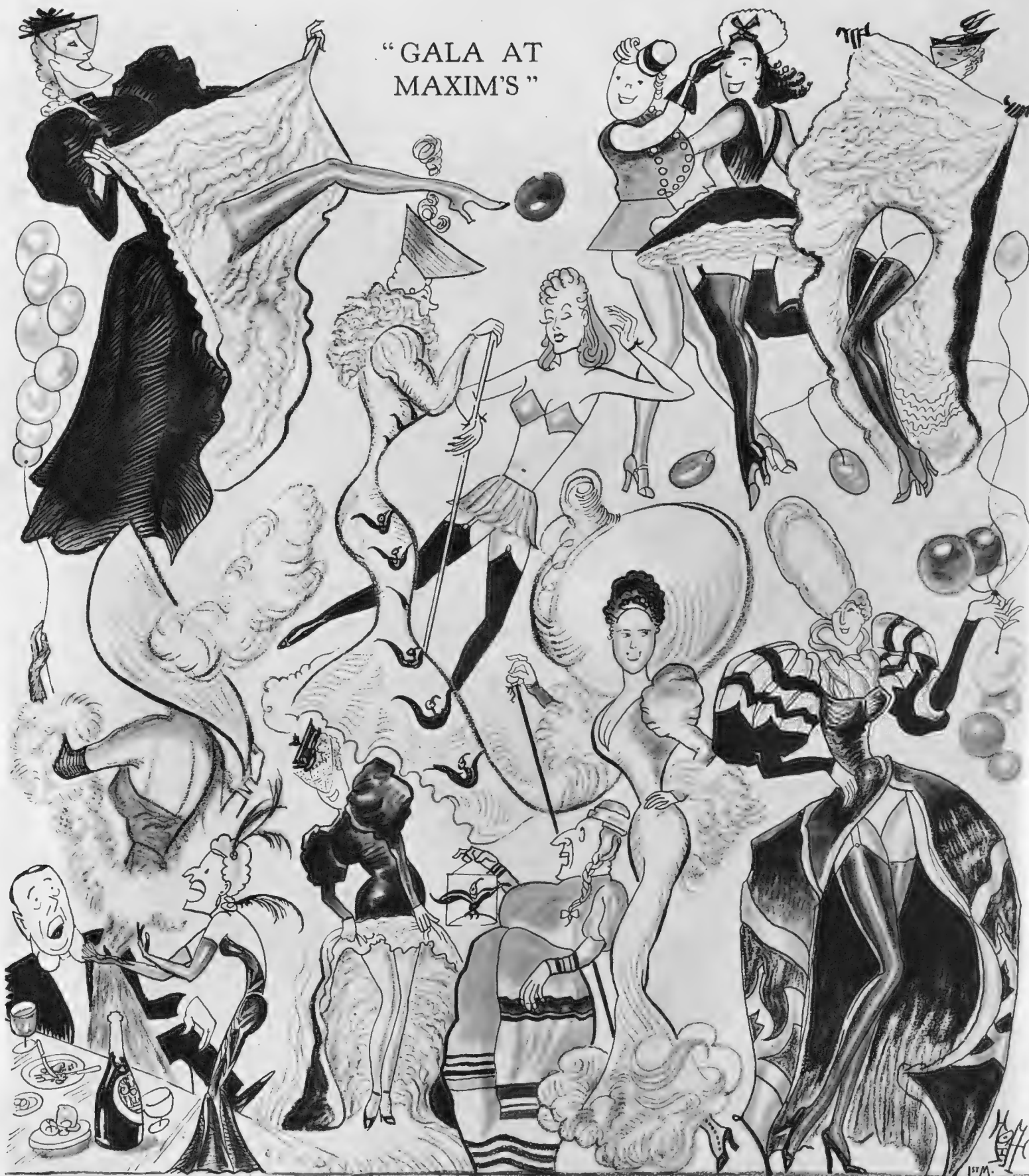


### Centre :

Model EA-76. In floral Tolsil, a delightful rayon mixture which resists creasing. Becoming Princess line. Zipp to hem, skirt flaring proportionately from fitting waist. Wearable with or without belt. An easy to wear frock. Will wash and wear splendidly. Wash as silk. Various colours and sizes.

### Right :

Model EA-155. In floral Toolina, a crease-resisting rayon with open-work weave. Sunburst shirring dramatises sleeves. Bib-shaped yoke, from which fullness falls gracefully. Softly flared skirt. Ribbon belt in two colours. Will wash and wear excellently. Wash as silk. Various colourings and sizes.



THE STARS OF "GALA AT MAXIM'S" (SEEN ABOVE IN THE BOTTOM ROW) ARE (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PADDY BROWNE ANSWERING A DINER'S QUESTION; MABEL COUPER, MISCHA DE LA MOTTE AS MARGUERITE, JACKIE WATSON AS OFFENBACH'S GRAND DUCHESS, AND EVE KEANE AS CASQUE D'OR

The gay Paris of the 'nineties, when Maxim's was Mecca and the can-can all the rage, is re-created in the new cabaret at Grosvenor House. Those on leave from France will probably find less of the Paris they have been brought up to imagine in the blued-out, half-shut-down city of to-day than in the bar of Maxim's as presented at Grosvenor House, with Paddy Browne as the Belle, as the can-can expert, and as a singer of old-time favourites in which the diners enthusiastically join. They join, too, as is the newest fashion, with the lovelies of the cast in an intoxicating waltz which makes the finale of the show. Other bits of atmosphere are provided by Jackie Watson, Eve Keane, Joan Richards, and Jan Churchill as the girls who made Paris what it is (or was). Mischa de la Motte exercises his multi-voiced talents in witty patter and songs, and appears in an amusing parody, "Faust on Toast," with Ian Hardy, who elsewhere in the show does a very clever dance with Anne Nother, an extremely supple dummy. Straighter singing of a high order is provided by Mabel Couper's rendering of "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto*. And all this talent is backed up by the girls swiftly dressing or undressing into the many costumes in which Tom Titt has pictured them above, and by Sydney Lipton and his orchestra



# Garden in Daks



Free your limbs from the trammel of skirts. Bend and stretch at your ease. Dig and hoe and rake and sow in Daks — the most flattering trousers of all for women! Specially built for comfort-in-action, with nice flat backs and fronts and faultless hang. Crash Cheviot is an ideal Daks fabric for gardening. But there are dozens of others — including corduroy, sheer worsted flannels, whipcord, fleck, pin-points — and for warmer days — cool tropicals and crisp linen. Daks cost 32/6 a pair.

Simpson  
PICCADILLY

There are agents for women's Daks throughout Great Britain, or you can get them at Simpson 202 Piccadilly London W. 1

# The Highway of Fashion

BY M.E. BROOKE



AMONG the many problems that confront women today is the arrangement of their coiffure. Vasco, 16 Dover Street, has introduced "hair bubbles" and for women in the Services he is charging £2 12s. 6d. instead of £4 4s. These "bubbles" may be washed at home, also dried and re-arranged in any of the Vasco styles. The deep curls and partings are flattering



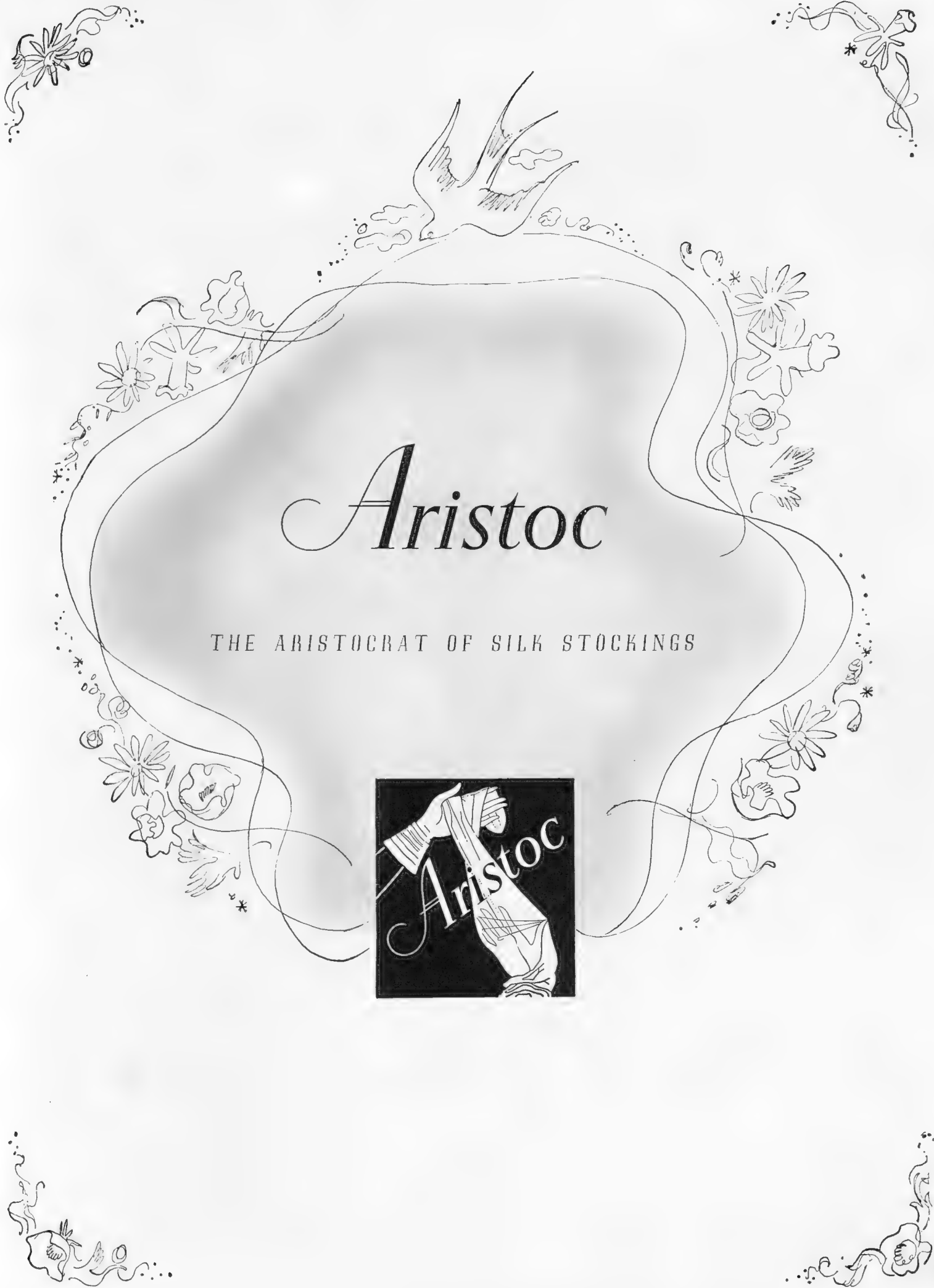
THERE is a decidedly spring-like atmosphere about the tweed tailored suit on the left. It comes from the other side of the Tweed, viz. Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Red and green are the most prominent tones in the check; it is flecked, as it were, with heather shades. The skirt is arranged with one pleat in front and two at the back, and the cost is 9 guineas. On application this firm would send their hat brochure; it is interesting

THERE is a difference about the spring fur coats, a fact that will be forcibly brought home to all who visit the Molho salons, 5 Duke Street, Oxford Street. It is there that the model pictured on the right may be seen, and although it is carried out in the very finest ocelot the cost is only 39 guineas. Note the high shoulders, the yoke and the fullness, which on account of the clever manner in which the skins are worked has a slimming effect



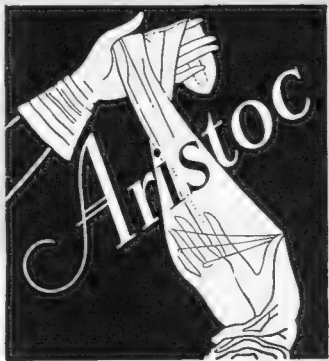
Pictures by Blake





*Aristoc*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS





# DEFINITELY PRACTICAL



HAIR is very important, therefore great care must be taken of it. There are many kinds of permanent waving—the Eugène is produced by steam which comes from the sachets through numerous tiny holes. After this treatment (available at all hairdressers of prestige) the tresses may be washed regularly with a mild neutral soap shampoo. The coiffures seen on this page have been treated by the Eugène method. Simplicity is their feature; this is an advantage



BOOTS Number Seven Beauty Preparations are the result of many years careful research. Boots analytical control ensures purity of ingredients, hence the work they achieve cannot be overestimated. In addition to the accepted preparations which every woman needs, there is the Muscle Oil; its regular use causes lines round the eyes and worry wrinkles to pass away. The Skin Tonic (of exalted merit) should be used whenever opportunity occurs. The non-spill boxes of powder are a boon when travelling

NOWHERE is the art of the tailor and cutter better understood than at Studd & Millington's, 25 Savile Row. No extraneous help is sought to conceal discrepancies as they do not exist. The lines are perfect and of course fit is the natural sequence of affairs. The ensemble portrayed on the right was created there. As will be seen it consists of a coat and skirt of the classic character. It may be worn alone, or if preferred the long coat may be added. It is made in a variety of materials, patterns of which will be sent on application



*Pictures by Blake*



THEY'RE SO

*Easy* TO WEAR

**EASY ON YOUR EYES.** Yes, and on the eyes of all who see you wearing these smart, refined Fashions.

**EASY ON YOUR PURSE.** You enjoy ultimate savings that make the initial price paid as nothing in comparison.

**EASY ON YOUR FEET.** They give a comfort never thought possible before the introduction of Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes.



Look for this Trade Mark.  
All genuine Arch Preservers  
bear it.



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300 Shops in British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them with illustrations of new styles to :—

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London Office :—17/18, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

## BOMBAY WATCHES

MRS. SHEPPARD AND  
MRS. HATHI SINGH

THIS PADDOCK GROUP INCLUDES MRS. P. DE PETERSON, MRS. K. SYMES, MR. AND MRS. KARAKA AND MR. AND MRS. C. W. CHICKEN



MR. AND MRS. LEO RADCLIFFE

MISS AHMEDBOY AND H.H. THE  
MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR

A record crowd turned out at the Mahaluxmi Racecourse, Bombay, on the day the Eclipse Stakes of India, one of India's big prizes, was run. The big race was won this year by H.H. The Maharaja of Kashmir's Steel Helmet, following up H.H.'s success in the same race last year with One I Love. Of the spectators in the pictures above, Mrs. Hathi Singh is the sister of the Harrow and Cambridge educated Congress leader Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, while Mr. Leo Radcliffe is a steward of the Royal Western India Turf Club. The Maharani of Cooch Behar the former Princess of Baroda, wore one of the most beautiful of many saris, which always add such a bright note of colour to any race meeting in India in these very modern times

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Friday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Friday at Chelsea Old Church between Mr. Alick Hay and Miss Diana Sanderson.

\* \* \*

## Saturday's Weddings.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at the King's Chapel

of the Savoy between Mr. Francis Marten and the Hon. Avic Vernon. The marriage will also take place on Saturday at St. John's Church, Roundhay, between Lieutenant Gareth Evans, of Bedlinog, Glam., and Miss Betty Chase, of 5 Oakwood Park, Leeds.

\* \* \*

Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, between Flight Lieutenant John Campbell Browne, M.B., elder son of Professor and Mrs. F. J. Browne, of Watford Heath, and Miss Veronica Evelyn Partridge, of St. James's Court, S.W.1. The marriage will take place on Monday, May 13, at Brompton Oratory, between Mr. Francis A. Murray,

youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Murray, of Fulham, and Miss Josephine M. Furst, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Furst, of Wendacre, Chalfont St. Giles.

## Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Henry Paget King-Fretts, Dorsetshire Regiment, only son of the late Mr. Ernest Henry King-Fretts, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. King-Fretts, of Greenways, Rodwell, Weymouth, Dorset, and Miss Margaret Joan Watson, younger daughter of Sir Duncan and Lady Watson, of Scamells Corner, Blackbrook, Dorking, Surrey; Wing Commander Richard Kellett, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late Surgeon Rear-Admiral Kellett and of Mrs. Kellett, and Miss Dorothy Abbott, younger daughter of the Hon. C. L. A. and Mrs. Abbott, of Australia.



Harlip

MISS URSULA GEORGINA GIBBONS  
Daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Gibbons, K.B.E., D.L., and Doris, Lady Orr-Lewis, of Arlington House, W.1, whose engagement has been announced to Sub-Lieutenant (A) Lebbeus Anthony Hordern, R.N.V.R., son of the late Lebbeus Hordern and Dona Olga Clare de Romero



Tunbri age-Sedgwick

## MRS. PETER STEBBING

The former Miss Pauline Sitwell, daughter of the late Wing Commander William G. Sitwell, D.S.O., and White Rose of Finland, and cousin of the famous Sitwells. Her wedding took place last Saturday to Mr. Peter Stebbing, one of our best-known young artists. His last exhibition was at the Stafford Gallery



## MISS DIANA NORAH HOWARD

Second daughter of Mr. Justice Howard, K.C., Chief Justice of Ceylon, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Neville Dewé Geoffrey Greene, only surviving son of the late Mr. Geoffrey Greene and of Mrs. Greene, of Birchmead, Warwick Park, Tunbridge Wells

## Forthcoming Weddings.

The marriage will take place on Tuesday, March 26, at St. Brendan's Church, Birr, Ireland, between Flight Lieutenant A. D. Colin Cleugh-Fair, Royal Air Force, and Miss Jessica Helen Synge. The marriage will take place on Thursday, March 28, at St. Paul's Church, Inner Park Road, Wimbledon, between Mr. George Chubb and Miss Anne Rumbold. The marriage will take place on Thursday, April 11, at





EUGÈNE

*Today hair styles are individual — your hair is styled to your own personality — but they all have three things in common, womanliness, simplicity and Eugene.*

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Every one will welcome the recommendation that has been issued by the Kennel Club on the breeding of dogs. None is to be bred from but the very best and only few puppies kept. All sensible people had already settled to do this, but every one is not sensible and I hope they will act on this. It is no hardship; dogs are free breeders and when peace comes there could be the usual population of dogs in a few months. There will be the usual grumblers; to all grumblers, I say: "Think of Poland and Finland. Here we are, so far, practically untouched by any but the smallest inconveniences, dark streets and less petrol!"

I suppose that the Cocker Spaniel is easily the most popular dog, both as companion and show specimen. Many breeds appear, have a transitory popularity, and then disappear. Not so the Cocker, who keeps a steady

better than she does. Now the kennel is to be severely reduced and breeding kept down to what is necessary to preserve the famous strain. There are still one or two to dispose of, a chance for any one. One to be kept I am glad to say is Ch. Pu Yi of Amwell. She has won eighty firsts and thirty-nine championships. The photograph is of the lady at the age of three months, and it can be seen even at that early age what a good one she is. It would certainly be a calamity if a kennel like this was dispersed. It is the result of years of breeding and knowledge and is of great benefit to the breed.

The Griffon is one of the smallest and hardest of breeds, and also the brainiest. They make perfect companions, being able to hold their own with large dogs and go for walks with the best. Mrs. Bridle's little pair, La

la Rookh Jolie and son Tough

Guy, are well known to all frequenters of shows for their performances in obedience classes, when they have even beaten Alsations! Mrs. Bridle specializes in miniature Griffons. She has lately had a great sorrow as her beloved Speck has died. Speck weighed just two pounds, and was ten and a half years old when she died, so certainly could not have been delicate. She was bred by Mrs. Bridle and was her constant companion. She has had her modelled and preserved by Messrs Rowland Ward; they say she is the smallest dog they have ever treated. Mrs. Bridle says they have done it beautifully and encloses a photograph. She usually has miniatures for disposal and any one wishing to possess a delightful and intelligent companion, particularly in these days should not hesitate to take advantage of this opportunity.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam near Southampton.



FALCONERS HONESTY

Property of Mrs. Jameson Higgins

Fall

popularity all the time. This always proves that a breed has sterling qualities. It is no easy matter to win in Cockers, the entries are enormous and the competition keen. The photograph is of one of Mrs. Jameson Higgins's famous winners. Mrs. Higgins owns one of the best known and most successful kennels of Cockers. Many and many a winner has been bred at Tarrant Monkton. She relies for her successes on a long strain of winning bitches, carefully bred for many generations; I believe I am not wrong in saying she does not keep any dogs. Mrs. Higgins is one of the most popular judges of Cockers and has enormous entries when she officiates. The kennel is to be severely reduced for the duration; only the very best to be bred from and only one or two of each litter kept.

Another most well-known kennel is that of Lady Faudel Phillips's Chows. She has been faithful to the breed all her life and no one knows a Chow



CH. PU YI OF AMWELL

Property of Lady Faudel Phillips



SPECK

Property of Mrs. Bridle

Fall

*'The Suzy Visor'*

The Visor—always the most flattering of styles—becomes, in the inspired hands of Suzy, a creation whose beautiful line makes every woman's eyes lovelier. Of stitched black taffeta, closely-fitted at the back, with a many-looped bow of stiffened net and touches of vivid 'Scarlet de Suzy' ribbon..... 3 Gns.

*Harrods*

Harrods Ltd.  
London SW1





## It's up to us women to keep bright . . .

. . . and funnily enough a new hat, a frock, a pair of shoes or a handbag acts like a tonic in banishing the "blues." At Marshall and Snelgrove's we have hosts of tonic "tips."

If you're away in the country and have to shop from "picture and print" drop a note in the post asking for new folders which give up-to-the-minute news of the stocks.

*A discovery in value. The Easter Two-piece shown above costs only seventy-nine shillings and sixpence in the Debutantes' Department. The edge-to-edge Wool Coat is lined and the printed crepe dress has short sleeves. In black and navy; hip sizes 36 in. to 42 in. One of many bright ideas in the Debutante Frock Folder. Sent free on request.*

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
**OXFORD STREET LONDON, W.1**



A Margaret Barry model always looks right . . . It has that air of simplicity and cool distinction which (tho' time passes and fashion changes) never seems "dated." To buy a Margaret Barry "little suit" is to invest for the future.

*Margaret Barry*

64 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 347)

and in much discomfort for much longer than was pleasant. The corpulent Hermann Göring, who has said that it's only his great humanity which has saved this land from being laid in ashes, has now hinted to Mr. Sumner Welles that he might change his mind unless we at once accept Germany's peace offer—i.e., to make peace if we let her have things all her own way.

\* \* \*

Since the Nazi Minister of Propaganda is so fond of ancient British history and will no doubt in time revive the old stories about King John's dental operations on the Jews, perhaps some not quite so ancient history about the doings of his own countrymen *circa* 1914-1918 would be of more than passing interest to him. I have still in my possession, my presentation copy of Professor J. H. Morgan's collection of data entitled "German Atrocities: An Official Investigation" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.), which was first published in 1916 and is exactly what its title says, "official." At the time Professor Morgan had completed his investigations, which as he says, quite frankly, were limited in scope, he was Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of London, and had been employed as Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force. The author is a barrister by profession and so not unaccustomed to assessing the weight or otherwise of evidence. The collected facts do not make very pleasant reading, but as our nation and all its leaders have been subjected to vilification and insult in no measured terms by the head of the Nazi Propaganda Department, perhaps some very plain speaking would not do him and his friends any harm.

\* \* \*

The following is one extract from Professor Morgan's: "Observations On a Tour of the



AT NAAS RACES

Mr. Shawe Taylor, the well-known Irish owner, and Miss Anne Gregory, M.F.H., were among a large attendance of Irish Turf well-knowns at the recent Naas Steeplechase—a bumper success

Further pictures of the Naas meeting are unavoidably held over until next week

Marne and the Aisne." He was accompanied by a French staff officer.

Here is the extract, one taken at random from many which could be selected:—

"The public has been shocked by the evidence, accepted by the committee as genuine, which tells of such mutilations of women and children as only the Kurds of Asia Minor had been thought capable of perpetrating. But the committee were fully justified in accepting it—they could not do otherwise—and they have by no means published the whole. Pathologists can best supply the explanation of these crimes. I have been told by such that it is not at all uncommon in cases of rape or sexual excess to find that the criminal, when satiated by lust, attempts to murder or mutilate his victim. This is presumably the explanation—if one can talk of explanation—of outrages which would otherwise be incredible. The committee hint darkly at perverted sexual instinct. (Here follow details so disgusting as to be unpublishable of crimes against little children of both sexes.) Some of the worst things have never been published. This is not the time for mincing one's words, but for plain speech. Disgusting though it is, I therefore do not hesitate to place on record an incident at Rebaix related to me by the Mayor of Coulommiers in the presence of several of his fellow townsmen with corroborative detail. A respectable woman in that town was seized by some Uhlans who intended to ravish her, but her condition made rape impossible. What followed is better described in French:—'Mme H——, cafetière à Rebaix, mise nue par une patrouille allemande, obligée de parcourir ainsi toute sa maison, chassée dans la rue et obligée de regarder les cadavres de soldats anglais. Les allemands lui barbouillent la figure avec le sang de ses règles.'

"It is almost needless to say that the woman went mad."

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At lower left, F. & M. oilskin Wallet, bound with pigskin. Keeps everything tidy, safe and dry. Measures 4" x 6½" when closed

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At centre, a pigskin fitted Case, with removable tin lining. Carries all requisites unobtrusively. Size 6½" x 13" x 1½"

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At right, F. & M. bullet-resistant pigskin Cigarette Case. Size 3" x 5½", holds 16 cigarettes

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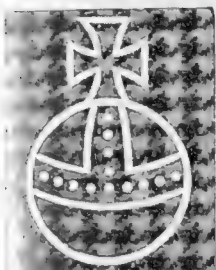
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Look for the mark on the cloth, and in the case of ready-made garments, look for the label of the Harris Tweed Association, which is a guarantee that the garment has been made from stamped Harris Tweed.

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LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT**

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## THE DIARY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG

*"Thin"*

**SATURDAY** The joke's on Angela!—said she'd just joined A.R.P.—been shopping for slacks—could not find any big enough. So mortifying! Stout people do seem out of it these active days—told her to start Nutex at once—like I did—so safe and pleasant—slimming while you eat just as usual—no beastly upsetting diets. She was terribly grateful—so



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**"FRUIT SALT"**  
first thing every morning

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

## Air Eddies—(Continued from page 362)

### Aerodrome Event.

The earliest implications of spring seem to have some effect on aerodrome events. The story of the over-zealous aerodrome sentry seems to have been enacted in real life the other day at an aerodrome not five hundred miles from London. His orders were clear; to challenge three times and, on failing to get an appropriate response after the third challenge, to fire. Noticing a rustling sound in some bushes near his post he challenged once. At that he distinguished in the very faint light from the moon a sign of movement and this, together with the sound of his own voice perhaps, so disturbed him that he brought out the second and third challenges without so much as a pause for breath between them and, still without pause, fired. Fortunately he fired high, for from the bushes there emerged, at high speed, a girl followed by a youth carrying what appeared to be some article of wearing apparel. Another case, surely, of love's labour's very nearly lost.

## Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 347)

But a new machine has been installed recently by Viscount Nuffield at the Wolseley plant, which is really interesting. It consists of two long arms which work together, one above a table tracing a pattern on a template or even a draughtsman's blue print, and the other below the table fitted with an oxy-acetylene flame which cuts through sheets of steel as easily as if they were butter. So pene-

trating is this flame that several sheets of steel can be laid one above the other and cut at the same time to any shape, no matter how intricate.

### The Muddlehead Motorist.



AT A SPRING DRESS SHOW

Famous Wimbledon stars gathered to support Mr. Teddy Tintling another Wimbledon personality at this morning cocktail and dress show. In the picture, left to right are: Mrs. Peters, wife of Mr. E. C. Peters, who is the only man who has ever beaten the great Tilden in an open tournament, Mr. Jack Lysaght and Miss Joan Ingram

During the winter many motorists were forced to use non-skid chains. Quite a number fitted them to their front wheels as well as their back ones, what on earth for goodness only knows. For it should be obvious that chains are fitted to prevent the driving wheels from spinning. These front-wheel chain gangs were almost as funny as a woman I know who thought that the only thing that was necessary when repairing a puncture was to lick the patch and apply it like a postage stamp!

### She Walked Dangerously.

The other day, when approaching a pedestrian crossing at about 15 m.p.h., and just preparatory to parking at the kerbside, I saw a woman about ten yards beyond the crossing with her umbrella rampant. It passed through my mind that she must be hailing a bus somewhere behind me. But no, hardly had I got out of the car when she came up and said: "Didn't you see me on the crossing? You had no right to cross." When I explained that I had seen her perfectly plainly, that she had brought her umbrella into action at least ten yards on the far side of the crossing and that she really should not wander about under such misapprehensions she was not at all pleased. And as a result of that incident I wondered whether other motorists have noticed any tendency of walkers to attempt to enforce what they consider are their rights. As far as my experience goes, motorists are far too frightened of obstructing a pedestrian.

## THE GAY WAY TO HEALTH



By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures (1928) Ltd.

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This bright show which is due at the Richmond Theatre on Easter Monday, is described as "an intoxicating musical brew," and Miss Jean Osborn is one of Mr. Fred Clayton's young lovelies. The show is designed to give a modern audience exactly what it wants

\* \* \*

Some time ago, Mr. Val Drewry, organist of St. Peter's Church, behind Oxford Street (in the heart of the shopping centre), started lunch-time recitals in the church for the benefit of shoppers and the many music lovers who frequent the big music shops and concert halls in this neighbourhood.

This brought so many petitions from musicians, asking to be allowed to perform, that the Vicar, the Rev. R. S. Lound, consented to co-operate. Dorothy Hesse, the well-known pianist, Irene Scharrer, Thomas Matthey, and Ernest Bullock, the

## ROUNABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead your help for a widow desperately needing help. She is suffering from heart

and nerve trouble, as well as diabetes, brought on by years of devoted nursing of her ex-soldier husband, who was blind and completely paralysed, and afterwards the care of a brother who behaved so badly she had to sell up part of her house to pay his debts. Five shillings a week would help pay for her diet and medical necessities.



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organist of Westminster Abbey, pooled their ideas; and result was an organization known as the St. Peter's Music Club, which will be run on a non-profit-making basis, solely to help musicians.

The Branksome Towers Hotel will have a party for the occasion. It is about the only amateur competition not cancelled by the war and has a large entry. Mr. C. C. Roberts of Parkstone Golf Club, Chairman of the Dorset County Golf Union has done the organizing and all is set for a most successful contest.

MISS ESMÉE WATSON WHO IS IN "THE BARE IDEA"

Whilst this nudist play was at Blackpool and Miss Esmée Watson was having a great personal success, she had the bad luck to meet with an accident in her dressing-room and cut one of her ankles. Luckily she is now recovering

In our issue of February 28 we erroneously stated that Lady Louis Mountbatten was County President of the Red Cross. Lady Louis is in fact Lady County President for the Nursing Division of London for the St. John's Brigade, which has for the war joined forces with the Red Cross, of which Lady Limerick is Lady President. We regret any inconvenience that may have been caused.

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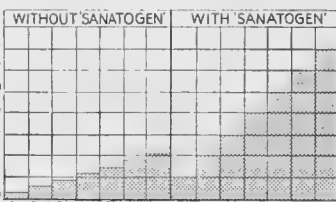
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# Walpoles' STOCKING WEEK

March 11—16

45 Gauge pure silk Service Weight Stocking, cotton tops and feet and special toe guard. In shades of Camel, Afrique, Clameau, Sable Foncee, Antelope. *Today's value 5/11*  
Special price, per pair **4/11**

3 Thread "Reverse Knit", for lighter wear, made up on the wrong side, this stocking has a delightful sheer effect. In shades of Copperskin, Bracken, Honey, Mist Beige.

*Today's value 6/11*  
Special price, per pair **5/11**

4 Thread and pure silk throughout, this is a beautiful stocking for all occasions and extremely good wearing. In Towntan, Plaza Beige, Honey, Facile. *Today's value 9/11*  
Special price, per pair **8/11**

# Walpoles

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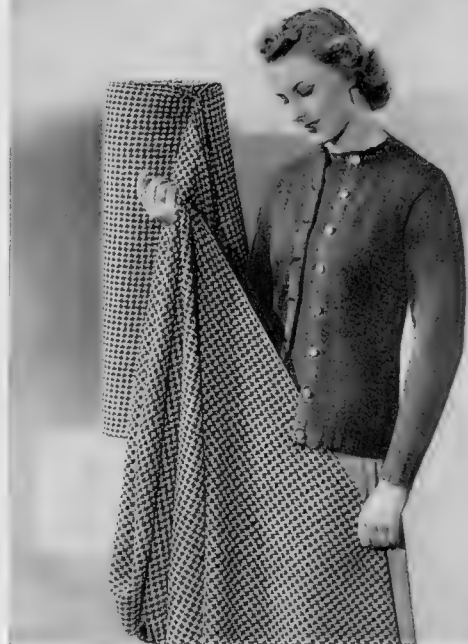
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SWEATER, 23/6 CARDIGAN, 32/6

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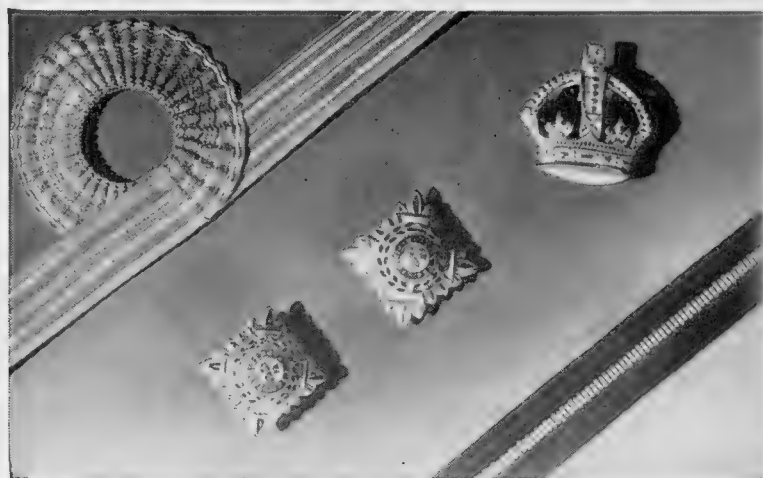
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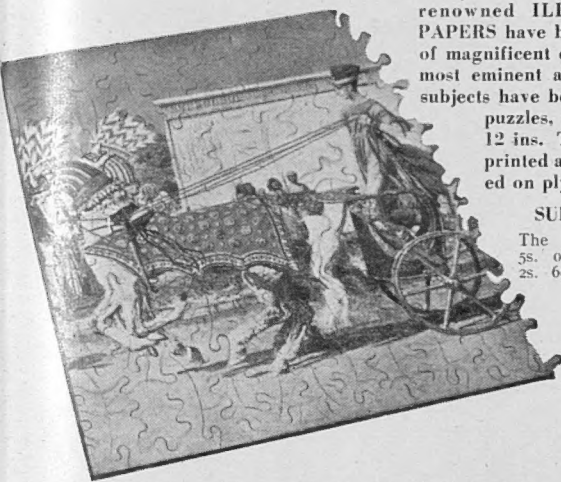
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